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SIXPENCE.

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THE GERMAN "BLOCKADE" OF THE BRITISH ISLES, WHICH IS CAUSING US TO APPLY THE FULL FORCE OF NAVAL PRESSURE TO THE ENEMY: A GERMAN SUBMARINE RUNNING ON THE SURFACE AT NIGHT—ONE OF THE CRAFT UPON WHICH GERMANY RELIES TO CARRY OUT HER THREAT.

The German "blockade" of the British Isles was due to begin on Thursday, February 18. A subsequent notification suggested that the date might have to be deferred, and that the German people, wound up to a pitch of high excitement in consequence of the first announcement, must not expect too much, and must be patient. That second announcement, curiously, was made three days after the attack by thirty-four British aircraft on Zeebrugge and the submarine-base there. Two can play at the game of war. "It

must not be supposed," said Mr. Churchill, in Parliament, "because the attack is extraordinary, that a good defence and a good reply cannot be made. . . . The reply that we shall make will not, perhaps, be wholly ineffectual. . . . So far, we have not attempted to stop the imports of food. A further declaration on the part of the Allied Governments will promptly be made, which will have the effect for the first time of applying the full force of naval pressure to the enemy."

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON.—[COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.]

"OUR NOTE-BOOK."

Owing to the continued illness of Mr. G. K. Chesterton, we are compelled to omit "Our Note Book." We trust that Mr. Chesterton will be well enough to resume it before long.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"SEARCHLIGHTS," AT THE SAVOY.

IT would be difficult not to like Mr. Vachell's new play, though it is easy enough to sniff at its story. There is so much crispness about the dialogue, there are so many agreeable touches in the minor characters, there is such a pretty, natural love-scene, and such a quaint and lovable Anglo-German that the veriest curmudgeon could not keep up a grudge against the author. And yet, truly, the Blaine household as Mr. Vachell would have us accept them are an incredible enough trio. First take the husband, a grim, taciturn ogre of a business man who credits his wife with unfaithfulness, locks up the idea in his heart for nearly a generation, and treats both her and her son with singular lack of amiability. Then the wife, faced with the alternative of confessing frailty or seeing her son's debts unpaid and his commission in the Army forfeited, elects to stamp her boy with illegitimacy. And the boy himself is the most ungracious of cubs, insolent to his father, ready to marry the most charming of girls for her money, but suddenly sobered and reformed by the war and active service. The trio would be intolerable but that their family jars are relieved by the accent and sentimentality of Sir Adalbert Schmalz, the rotund homeliness of his wife, and the daintiness of his daughter. And Mr. Holman Clark, Miss Kate Bishop, and Miss Margery Maude are delightful in these three parts. Miss Fay Davis lends distinction and emotional sincerity to Mrs. Blaine's melodramatics; and Mr. H. B. Irving suggests iron resolution, with perhaps one tiny soft spot, in the husband. But at the finish one could not help thinking what a dismal future was in front of this ogre's wife.

"FANNY'S FIRST PLAY," AT THE KINGSWAY.

It seems only the other day we bade good-bye to "Fanny's First Play," and that was after a stay of no less than a twelvemonth. Yet here it is bobbing up at the Kingsway again, and a very welcome arrival too. Mr. Bernard Shaw has written more thoughtful work, given us more piquant comedy, introduced us to more striking types—Strakers and Drinkwaters—than are to be found here. But he has tried in this case to write something more like a play and less wholly a discussion than is his wont, and he has rarely shown himself in more genial vein. If he pokes fun at suburban respectability, if he turns even the revolting-daughter idea, which has had such serious handling, into a farce, if he jokes irreverently at the expense of the critics, his satire is all managed with surprising good-nature and mildness. The time may yet come when "G. B. S." will develop quite a liking for mid-Victorian prudery and helplessness; already he handles it quite gently for all his mockery. We can admire his piece, then, on its merits. But there are other reasons for hailing its revival gratefully. Miss Lena Ashwell has taken up the part of Margaret Knox, and though she scarcely looks so young as eighteen, could you have a happier choice? All that nervous intensity, all that power of suggesting alternations of mood and explosions of hysteria, all that sincerity in emotion which makes this actress the ideal representative of the woman-rebel of to-day, can be called upon, and is called upon, to lend naturalness, pathos, and humour to the outbursts of the little firebrand. When it is added that Mr. Ainley has also joined the cast and effaces himself deliciously in the character of the well-born menial Juggins, and that a good all-round company has been engaged in support, you will readily recognise how well worth seeing this Shavian entertainment is once more.

"BABY MINE," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

The policy which relies on revivals of old successes is a very sensible one for our theatrical managers to adopt during war-time, and we need not be surprised at its prevalence. What has pleased already and is well known stands a much better chance of inducing our public to make its way through dimly lighted streets than a piece which has still to earn its welcome; moreover, the staging of a revival costs less. "Baby Mine" starts afresh with such advantages, and it happens, too, to be a farce, and a very excellent specimen of its class. Its rush of scenes centring round a borrowed baby and the young couple who exploit it for their own purposes provides plenty of wholesome and merry entertainment; we all want to laugh now and again just now, and this bright play gives us the opportunity. Fortunately, Miss Iris Hoey was at liberty to take up her part of the girlish wife and repeat her very dainty performance; and so, with Mr. Weedon Grossmith also back at the Vaudeville in his best comic vein, we get just the right contrasts in the acting.

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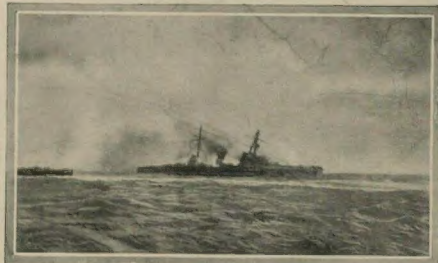
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PARLIAMENT.

WHILE the party truce is conscientiously maintained, the Lobby almost deserted, and the Whips off sentry-duty, great questions are carefully discussed by the House of Commons. In an important debate on the price of the necessities of life, the Prime Minister gave a masterly and hopeful review of the domestic situation, declaring that when we take into account the men in the new Army, the working classes are probably consuming more food per head than at any former period, anticipating that the world-supply of wheat will be available to us in sufficient quantities—certainly in June, and showing that, in the case of coal, freights are being lowered by the employment of captured vessels. Mr. Bonar Law, although regretting that the Government had not taken opportunities of purchasing wheat, and had not fully used the organisation of business men in dealing with shipping, offered no opposition to their general policy. Statements of the highest importance were made on Monday by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the First Lord of the Admiralty. A buzz of excitement was caused by the gigantic figures which Mr. Lloyd George mentioned in giving an account of his recent conference with the Finance Ministers of France and Russia. It was estimated, he said, that the expenditure of the Allies by the end of December would not be far short of 2000 millions. The House heard with approval of the heavy obligations which this country has undertaken—we have already advanced £32,000,000 to Russia—and there was a cheer when the Chancellor, after referring to our two great Allies, and to Belgium and Serbia, significantly said: "There are also other States preparing for war, and it is obviously our interest that they should be well equipped for that task." Mr. Austen Chamberlain expressed the general concurrence of Members in remarking that the financial resources of all the Allies must be at the disposal of all as much as the military resources. Lord Fisher sat over the clock in the Peers' Gallery during the Naval review given by Mr. Churchill. That review was of the most masterly and fascinating character, dealing with splendid achievements in phrases that thrilled the House. It was, moreover, marked by the most stimulating

THE END OF THE "BLÜCHER."



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APPLY—
"L.S.P." ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

optimism. Mr. Churchill dwelt on the significance of the victory at the Falklands, and the battle-cruiser action on the Dogger Bank, remarking that the latter vindicated, so far as it went, the theories of design, and particularly of big-gun armament, always identified with Lord Fisher. Our guns, our shooting, and the steaming of our ships were themes of his praise. Then the House warmly cheered the First Lord's reply to the German submarine menace of "open piracy and murder." Since the declaration of war it has approved of nothing more heartily than the determination to increase the economic pressure on Germany. Mr. Bonar Law, endorsing this determination, said no Government would be justified in giving up a single one of the rights which our sea-power gives. There was difference of opinion on certain points, notably the holding of courts-martial, but on the whole, the policy and work of the Admiralty received the confidence of the House.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS.

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Through the Ages Beloved. H. Grahame Richards. 6s. - - - (Hutchinson.)

A LAND OF THE FUTURE—AND A MAN OF THE NEAR PAST.

Siberia.

The world is looking out eagerly for new corn areas; the supply of wheat threatens to become inadequate to meet the demands that have been made since the twentieth century opened. Dr. Fridtjof Nansen's book, "Siberia: The Land of the Future" (Heinemann), sets out the wondrous potentiality of the region drained by the Yenesei and its tributaries. Dr. Nansen writes of wheat lands that excel in area those of France and Germany together, and there can be no doubt that the advantages of Siberia will not be overlooked in the near future. The explorer enjoyed special facilities from the Russian Government. He started from Norway to the Kara Sea, Yamal, and the Yenesei, and then proceeded south and south-east as far as Vladivostok. Thence he turned north to Khabarovsk, and west to Chita, and, following part of the familiar road, sought new ways west of Krasnoyarsk. It took him into countries inhabited by people of whom we know but little, and showed him a new civilisation—the Russian variety—in the making. It is clear that in developing Siberia the Government of the Tsar has thought more of the needs of the future than of the convenience of the present generation; when a tract of country suitable on political and other grounds for settlement is marked out, so many people are told off to act as settlers. Theirs not to reason why; theirs but to do and—not infrequently—die, for the primitive conditions are often of a kind that administrators failed to realise. It is impossible to do justice in a brief review to the immense amount of work accomplished by Dr. Nansen. A trained observer, he found matters of interest wherever he went, and he contrives to communicate them so clearly that even through the medium of a translation (by Mr. A. G. Chater) that does not abound in graceful literary touches the reader is held. Much is added to our scanty knowledge of the Samoyedes, Yuraks, Ostiaks, and other peoples of the Yenesei, who contrive to eke out a precarious existence in the face of natural and acquired disadvantages. Tribute is paid to the steady progress of Russian expansion, and to the rewards it is likely to bring the empire in years to come; and very significant are the pages in which the author deals with the Chino-Russian problem, the enormous difficulty of controlling the Chinamen in the labour market, and the peril of a season in which China and Japan might devote their overwhelming numbers and remarkable gifts to challenging through Siberia the hegemony of the western world. Handsomely produced, finely illustrated, and published at the comparatively reasonable price of fifteen shillings, Dr. Nansen's book should challenge existing conditions and find many readers. It goes far to shed light upon the grave dangers that threaten Russia in the Far East, dangers due to maladministration in the earlier days, and the now deeply rooted hostility of China. On the other hand, it is clear that the possibilities of Siberia are infinite, and that, if the climate were better suited to the western European, the country might become a rival to such of our overseas Dominions as Canada and Australia.

"Reminiscences of Tolstoy."

Count Ilya Tolstoy has written, and Mr. George Calderon has translated into English, a work now called

"Reminiscences of Tolstoy" (Chapman and Hall). It may be said that the story was worth the telling, in spite of the many books already available to those who wish to learn something of the man who takes rank among the most significant figures of nineteenth and twentieth century Russia. Readers may complain that we have little light shed upon this figure in the first two hundred pages of the book, and it is true that Count Ilya deals very largely with the life at Yasnaya Polyana as it appeared to himself, his brothers, and sisters. But enough is said to present a picture of a Russia that reminds us in the violent contrasts of life and character of Italy in Renaissance times. We find the same heights and depths of life, and it may be said that Count Leo Tolstoy, like many of the more pleasing figures of Renaissance Italy, was a converted sinner—that is to say, he lived as he listed in the wild days of his youth, and then turned to what he considered the higher life. In doing so he must have been a sore trial to his home circle. His son is too loyal to say this, but there was no necessity to put the truth into words. The Tolstoy family was not a healthy one. A brother of the novelist-reformer died of cancer, another succumbed to phthisis, and two children fell victims to the same trouble. Tolstoy's favourite daughter and the son born to him in old age died young, his great contemporary Turgenyev was carried off by cancer, Garshin committed suicide. There was always something to depress Tolstoy; his efforts to fight the social order were misunderstood and foredoomed to failure, there is more than a suggestion that his mind was not altogether clear in the closing years. Count Ilya's book strengthens this conviction, though not intentionally; such a suggestion would be alien to the spirit of affection and reverence that guides his pen. Apart from the fresh light upon a strange, rare, and complex personality, this book is valuable for its pictures of life in the heart of Russia in the 'sixties, 'seventies, and 'eighties of the past century. It is for the glimpses of unfamiliar conditions that the first half of the volume is worth reading; the descriptions relate to years when Count Ilya was too young to understand what manner of man his father was, though old enough to remember what he did. The great change was not reached until the boy had become a man, able to look upon the closing years of his father's life with a sanely critical eye.

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FROM the general point of view, perhaps the most interesting feature of the war for the se'nnight ending the 18th inst.—which had been solemnly announced to be “der Tag”—“the day” that would inaugurate an era of German “frightfulness” in all the submarine-infested waters of our sea-girt isles—was not so much the creeping progress of the war itself, as the battle of words—analogous to the Dean of St. Patrick’s “Battle of the Books”—as waged between the Old World and the New—England and Germany on one side, and the United States of America on the other.

William II. has always made a particular point of cultivating cordial relations with the Republic of the West which Frederick the Great had been the first European Sovereign to recognise, though more from hatred of England than love of America.

In recognition of this fact, as well as in acknowledgment of the warm welcome extended to his sailor-brother, Prince Henry, on the occasion of his visit to the States in 1902, the German Emperor presented to Mr. Roosevelt, as for the American people, a statue of the hero of Rossbach and Leuthen, to be set up in the grounds of the War College at Washington, his Imperial Majesty declaring, on the unveiling of this monument, that “the friendship between Germany and the United States, the cornerstone of which was laid by Frederick, rests upon foundations solid as granite.”

Meanwhile, it rather looks as if this boasted granite had changed to something like slippery grease—and not even the grease which oils, but only clogs the wheels of international relationship. Never, perhaps, since Bismarck bluntly told Count Mensdorff (in 1866) that “the relations between Prussia and Austria must either become better or worse,” has such direct language been used by one Government to another as that which was recently addressed by the State Department at Washington to the Foreign Office at Berlin, with respect to the danger arising to American vessels in British waters which Germany had declared to be a “war-zone”—the sinking of them, in fact, at sight.

Another Note from the State Department—to Downing Street—merely said that the United States would “view with anxious solicitude any general use of the flag of the United States by British vessels traversing these waters”—i.e., the area prescribed by Germany.

Then it was that the German Press at once began to resound with the cry that the United States Government had proved itself to be a respecter of persons, that Mr. Bryan might as well write his despatches not to but in Downing Street, that Washington was conniving at the iniquities of Whitehall, and that, in fact, there was neither justice nor generosity anywhere in all the wide, wicked, envious, and malignant world for Germany, who was just as “friendless, friendless, friendless” as Sir Walter Scott’s MacGregors were “landless, landless, landless.”

It has been suggested, as a possible explanation of Germany’s thus flying in the face of the United States, that she may deliberately want to add America to the number of her overt enemies—her only two friends, so far, being Austria and Turkey—the better to “save her face” in the eyes of her sons by pointing to the overwhelming circle of her foes when it comes to the inevitable reckoning with them. But

this suggestion, though worthy of Machiavelli, is surely rather too super-subtle for such a “plain, blunt man” as Bethmann-Hollweg, who scruples not to call a spade a spade and a sacred treaty a mere “scrap of paper.”

Meanwhile, it is rather more than probable that the “Berlin Decree” of the German Napoleon will prove a *brutum fulmen*. If only all our master-mariners were to act like Captain Property of the *Laertes*, it certainly would. Here was a skipper who cared nothing for “Berlin Decrees,” even if he had heard of them, and refused to heave to and be sunk offhand at the bidding of a mere potting commander of a German submarine. Not his the submissive spirit animating Baillie Nicol Jarvie when, at the imperious behest of Helen MacGregor that the Glasgow magistrate

convert the Kaiser’s “Berlin Decree” into a *brutum fulmen*—the more so if their crews comprised some good rifle-shots and a few skilled gunners to rip up the scaly ribs of those Hun-manned submarines—rightly described by Mr. Churchill, in a speech which deserves to be called splendid and inspiring, as the instruments of “open piracy and murder.” But “A corsaire, corsaire et demi”—such was the prospect opened up to the Germans by our Chief of the Admiralty. The best antidote to the “Jolly Roger” of the Germans is the jolly British sailor of the mercantile kind, as to whom the Berlin Admiralty hears—and probably with truth—that “a great number of British merchantmen have been armed, so as to destroy the German submarines by shells or ram and sink them.” And the more the merrier.

Meanwhile, as a sort of curtain-raiser and prelude, so to speak, to this submarine warfare with which we are so truculently threatened, our naval airmen have been giving the Germans a taste of their quality such as they had never enjoyed before. Submarine raids necessarily imply submarine bases, like those which the Germans have been trying to establish at Zeebrugge (*quasi* “Seabridge”), Blankenberghe, and Ostend; and in order to “spit into the soup” of these aggressive preparations—to use a German phrase which, like all German phrases, is more suggestive of vigour than refinement—it occurred to thirty-four of our most daring naval airmen, under Commander Samson, to rise up like a flock of sea-birds, or solan geese, from our southern shore and wing their daring way across the Channel to the Belgian ports in question possessed by the Germans, on whom they dropped a sufficiency of destructive bombs, including some which were said to have demolished the railway station at Ostend, so well known to English visitors to the adjacent Casino of card-playing fame.

It was not so much, however, the belligerency as the beauty of the sight which fascinated its beholders. One of these wrote that it was the “most beautiful and marvellous” he had ever seen: “As they passed in a long procession they resembled a flight of huge sea-birds. . . . The machines went off one by one in very rapid succession, just like a flight of wild ducks.” Eagles, perhaps, would have been a better comparison, though, of course, eagles—especially of the Red Brandenburg and Black Prussian kind—are not so gregarious as solan geese and wild ducks. Only one of the thirty-four audacious aviators came to

partial grief—Mr. Grahame-White, who, like Icarus, the first of all flying men, fell into the sea, without, however, sharing the fate of the headstrong son of Daedalus, artificer of the Cretan labyrinth. For the rest, the situation on the Western front may thus be summed up—“marking time,” with a marked superiority of the Allied artillery; and in the East a strategic retirement of the Russians from Prussia—*un peu reculer pour mieux sauter*. But it should never be forgotten that Wellington himself often indulged in retirements of this kind, and that Moltke once objected to his being placed on the same pedestal of fame as the greatest commander of all time on the ground that he had “never commanded a retreat.”

LONDON: FEBRUARY 16, 1915.



GERMANY'S "BLOCKADE" OF THE BRITISH ISLES: THE WATERS (SHADED) IN WHICH "A SYSTEM OF OPEN PIRACY" WAS THREATENED.

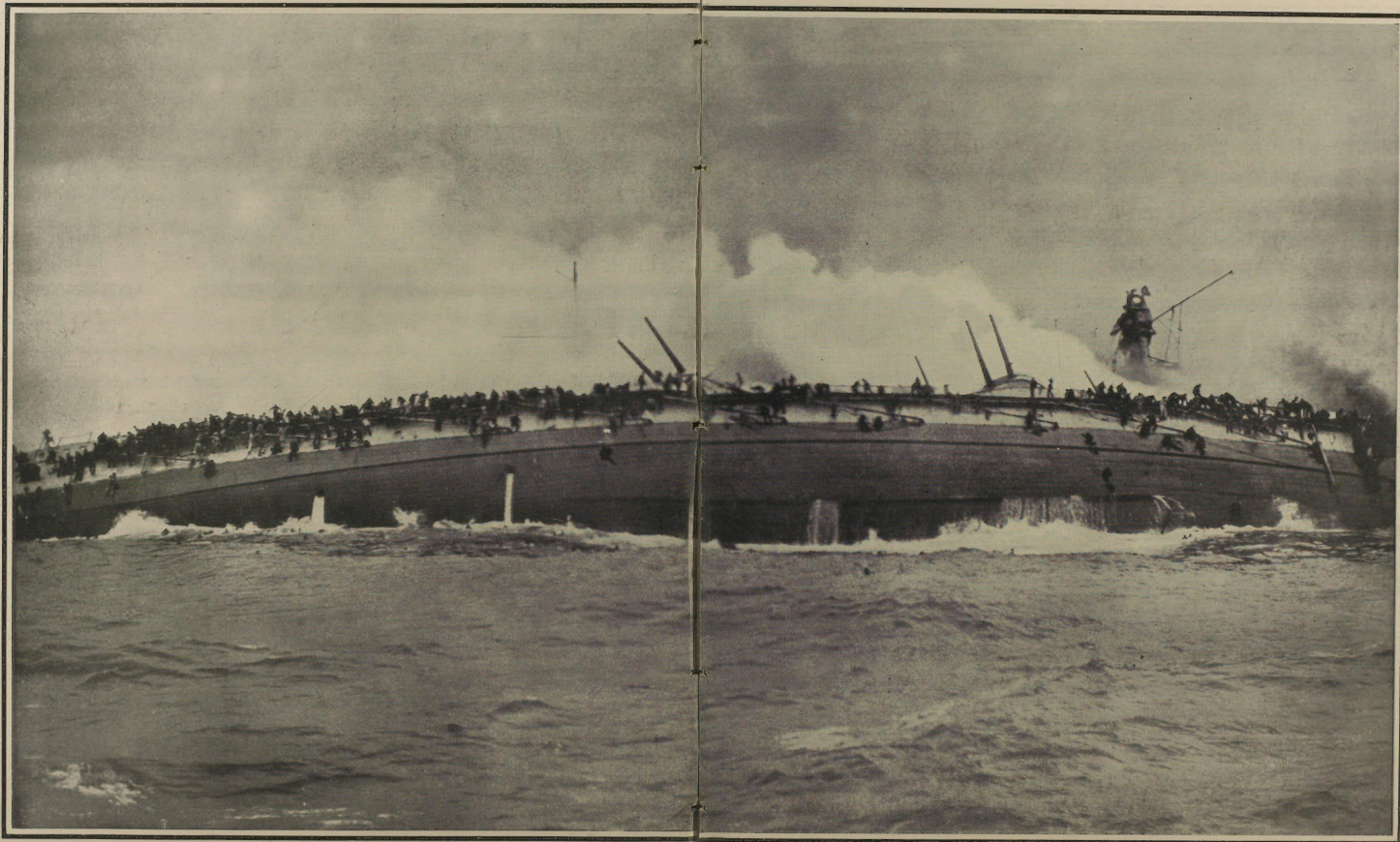
The German Government announced recently that "Germany now declares all the waters surrounding Great Britain and Ireland as an area of war. . . . From February 18, 1915, it will endeavour to destroy every enemy merchant-ship that is found in this area, without its always being possible to avert the peril that this threatens persons and cargoes." Neutral ships were warned that they would run similar risks. German Naval experts subsequently advised the German public not to expect too much to happen on the 18th, as that date was merely given for the benefit of neutrals.

should be hurled headlong into a Highland loch, he was thus accosted by the Dougal Cratur: "Com' awa', Baillie, and be troon'd."

Captain Property very properly refused to be drowned on these ignominious terms, being the captain of a ship, "and a very good captain too," bearing the name of the fair Ophelia's gallant brother, who, like Alan Breck Stewart, was ever a "bonny fighter"—witness his sword-encounter with Hamlet—and who also was bold enough, as he said, to "dare damnation." Captain Property equally "dared destruction," with the result that the King conferred upon him the Distinguished Service Cross, together with a lieutenancy in the Royal Naval Reserve, *pour encourager les autres*.

It is to be hoped that his example will be followed by scores of his fellow-skippers, who would thus soon

THE MOST WONDERFUL WAR PHOTOGRAPH EVER PUBLISHED: THE "BLÜCHER" AS SHE "TURNED WEARILY OVER" AND SANK.



WITH HER CREW CROWDED ON HER SIDE AND SLIDING INTO THE WATER: THE LAST

MOMENTS OF THE GERMAN CRUISER "BLÜCHER" IN THE BATTLE OF THE DOGGER BANK.

When we published the remarkable photograph of the sinking "Blücher" that appeared in our issue of January 29, we hardly expected to be able to give one still more wonderful, and so impressive in its vivid realism as is that here reproduced. It shows a later moment in the passing of the doomed vessel, having been taken close at hand after she had turned over on her side and was settling down into the depths of the North Sea. Her exposed side shows rents torn in it by the British shells, while the crew are seen, some huddled together near the railings, others sliding down the side into the sea, others already in the water, their heads just appearing above the surface. Above the rail are the cruiser's guns pointing upward into the air, as though for high-angle fire against aircraft. A vivid account of the "Blücher" and was given recently by a "Times" correspondent from descriptions by survivors of her crew. "It was seen that she was doomed. The bell that rang the men to church parade each Sunday was tolled, and those who were able assembled on deck

helping as well as they could their wounded comrades. Some had to creep out through shot-holes. They gathered in groups on deck awaiting the end. Cheers were given for the "Blücher" and three more for the Kaiser. "Die Wacht am Rhein" was sung, and permission given to leave the ship. But some of them had already gone. The British ships were now silent, but their torpedoes had done their deadly work. A cruiser and destroyers were at hand to rescue the survivors. The wounded "Blücher" settled down, turned wearily over, and disappeared in a swirl of water." This extraordinary photograph is an apt illustration of Mr. Churchill's dictum that "the situation on every sea, even the most remote, is dominated and decided by the influence of Sir John Jellicoe's Fleet, but to view amid the Northern mist, preserved by patience and seamanship in all its strength and efficiency, silent, unhelping, and as yet unchallenged."—(Reproduced by Special Arrangement with the "Daily Mail".)

THE FLIGHT OF THE "WILD DUCKS": THE START OF THE GREAT NAVAL AIR RAID ON THE ZEEBRUGGE DISTRICT.

DRAWN BY JOHN DE G. BRYAN FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



EXCEEDING IN MAGNITUDE ANY PREVIOUS EXPEDITION OF AERIAL WARFARE: DEPARTURE ON GERMAN SUBMARINE

OF THE "THIRTY-FOUR NAVAL AEROPLANES AND SEAPLANES" FOR THEIR SUCCESSFUL RAID BASES IN BELGIUM.

The departure of the British Naval aeroplanes and seaplanes on their way to the Belgian coast on February 12 was a most impressive sight as they passed out over the sea. They rose one at a time in quick succession, ascending high into the air to avoid the haze, and the long line stretched out, as an eye-witness pictorially described it, exactly like a flight of wild ducks. The official account of the raid issued by the Admiralty said: "During the last twenty-four hours, combined aeroplane and seaplane operations have been carried out by the Naval Wing in the Bruges, Zeebrugge, Blankenberge, and Ostend districts, with a view to preventing the development of submarine bases and establishments. Thirty-four Naval aeroplanes and seaplanes took part. Great damage is reported to have been done to Ostend Railway Station, which, according to present information, has probably been burnt to the ground; the

railway station at Blankenberge was damaged and railway lines were torn up in many places. Bombs were dropped on gun-positions at Middelkerke, also on the power-station and German mine-sweeping vessels at Zeebrugge, but the damage done is unknown. During the attack the machines encountered heavy banks of smoke. No submarines were seen. Flight-Commander Graham-White fell into the sea off Newport and was rescued by a French vessel. Although exposed to heavy gun-fire from rifles, anti-aircraft guns, mitrailleurs, etc., all pilots are safe. Two machines were damaged. The seaplanes and aeroplanes were under the command of Wing-Commander Samson, assisted by Wing-Commander Longmore and Squadron-Commanders Purvis, Courtney, and Rathbone." (Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada)

WAR, DIPLOMACY, AND ART: PROMINENT PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BIRKITT, SPORT AND GENERAL, CHIBB, STANLEY, CENTRAL PRESS, RUSSELL, PALMER CLARKE, PIRTZNER, TOPICAL, L.N.A., AND LANGFIER.



RESCUED FROM THE SEA IN THE AIR RAID: FLIGHT-COMMANDER GRAHAME-WHITE.



ASSISTANT LEADER IN THE AIR RAID: WING-COMMANDER A. M. LONGMORE.



ASSISTANT LEADER IN THE AIR RAID: SQUADRON-COMMANDER C. E. H. RATHBORNE.



ASSISTANT LEADER IN THE AIR RAID: SQUADRON-COMMANDER J. C. PORTE.



COMMANDER OF THE AIR RAID: WING-COMMANDER C. R. SAMSON.



THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES: COUNT BERNSTORFF, OF MANY "STORIES" FAME.



HONoured BY THE KING FOR ELUDING A GERMAN SUBMARINE: CAPTAIN PROPERT, OF THE "LAERTES."



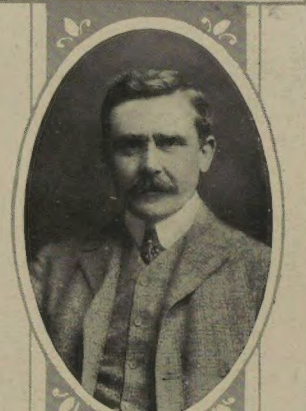
RECEIVED ON TUESDAY BY THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON: GENERAL RICCIOTTI GARIBALDI.



A NEW ROYAL ACADEMICIAN: MR. JOSEPH FARQUHARSON, R.A.



THE KING AT A TERRITORIAL HOSPITAL AT CAMBRIDGE: (FROM RIGHT TO LEFT) MAJOR WEBB, REGISTRAR; MISS NEWTON, ACTING MATRON; THE KING; COLONEL J. GRIFFITHS, M.D.; MISS CROOKENDEN, PRINCIPAL MATRON; LIEUT. PORTER, QTRMASTER.



A NEW ROYAL ACADEMICIAN: MR. J. A. ARNESBY BROWN, R.A.



REPORTED ABOUT TO BE CROWNED KING OF POLAND: ARCHDUKE STEPHAN OF AUSTRIA.



SAID TO HAVE VISITED THE KAISER AT THE FRONT: MR. J. W. GERARD U.S. AMBASSADOR TO BERLIN.



SUCCESSOR TO COUNT DE LALAING AS BELGIAN MINISTER IN LONDON: M. PAUL HYMAN.



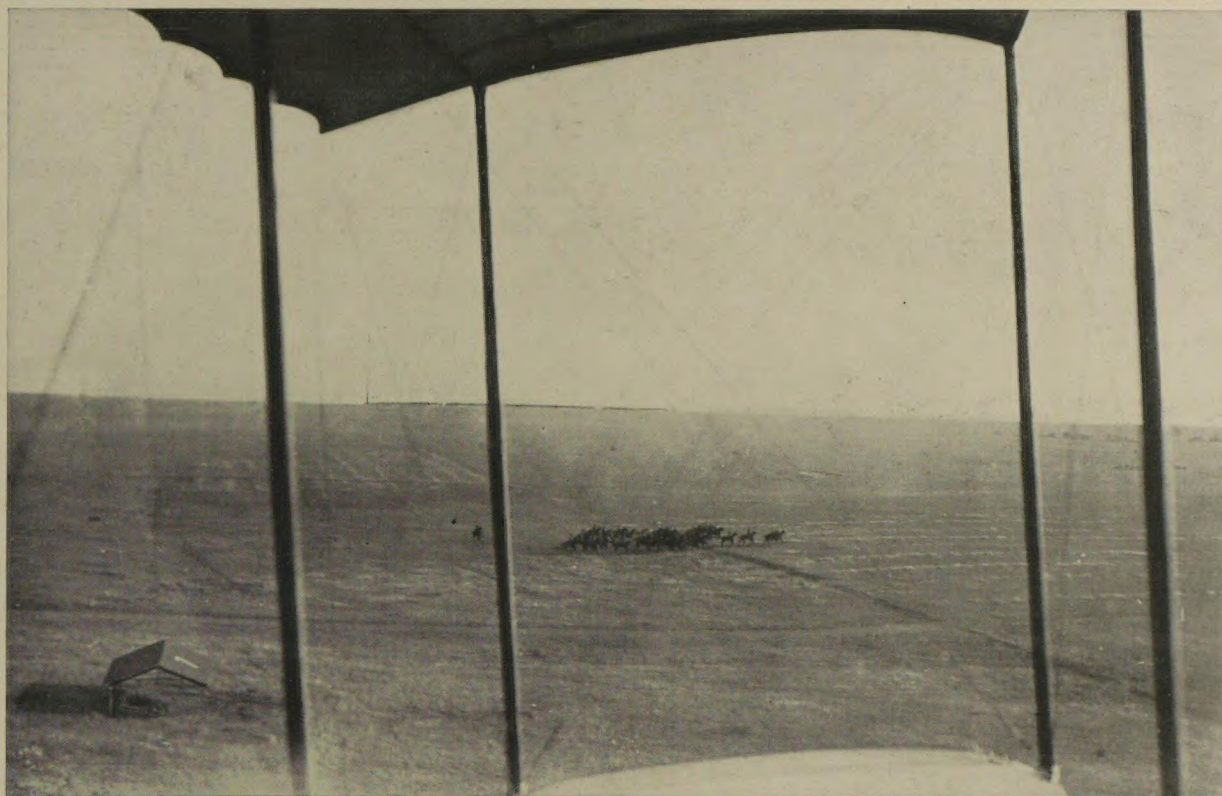
AUTHORISED TO RAISE A REGIMENT OF WELSH GUARDS: LIEUT.-COLONEL W. MURRAY-THREIPLAND.

The thirty-four naval aeroplanes and seaplanes that took part in the great air raid on the Belgian coast on the 12th "were under the command of Wing-Commander Samson" (to quote the Admiralty statement), "assisted by Wing-Commander Longmore and Squadron-Commanders Porte, Courtney, and Rathborne." Flight-Commander Grahame-White fell into the sea off Nieuport and was rescued by a French vessel.—The German Government is said not to be very well pleased with the results of the efforts of Count Bernstorff, the German Ambassador in Washington, to win American sympathy.—Captain W. H. Propert, of the S.S. "Laertes," who saved his ship from the attack of a German submarine, has been made a Lieutenant in the Royal Naval Reserve, and the King has conferred on him the Distinguished Service Cross.—General Ricciotti Garibaldi, son of the famous Italian Liberator, recently came to London from Paris, and on the 16th was received by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House.—The two new R.A.'s,

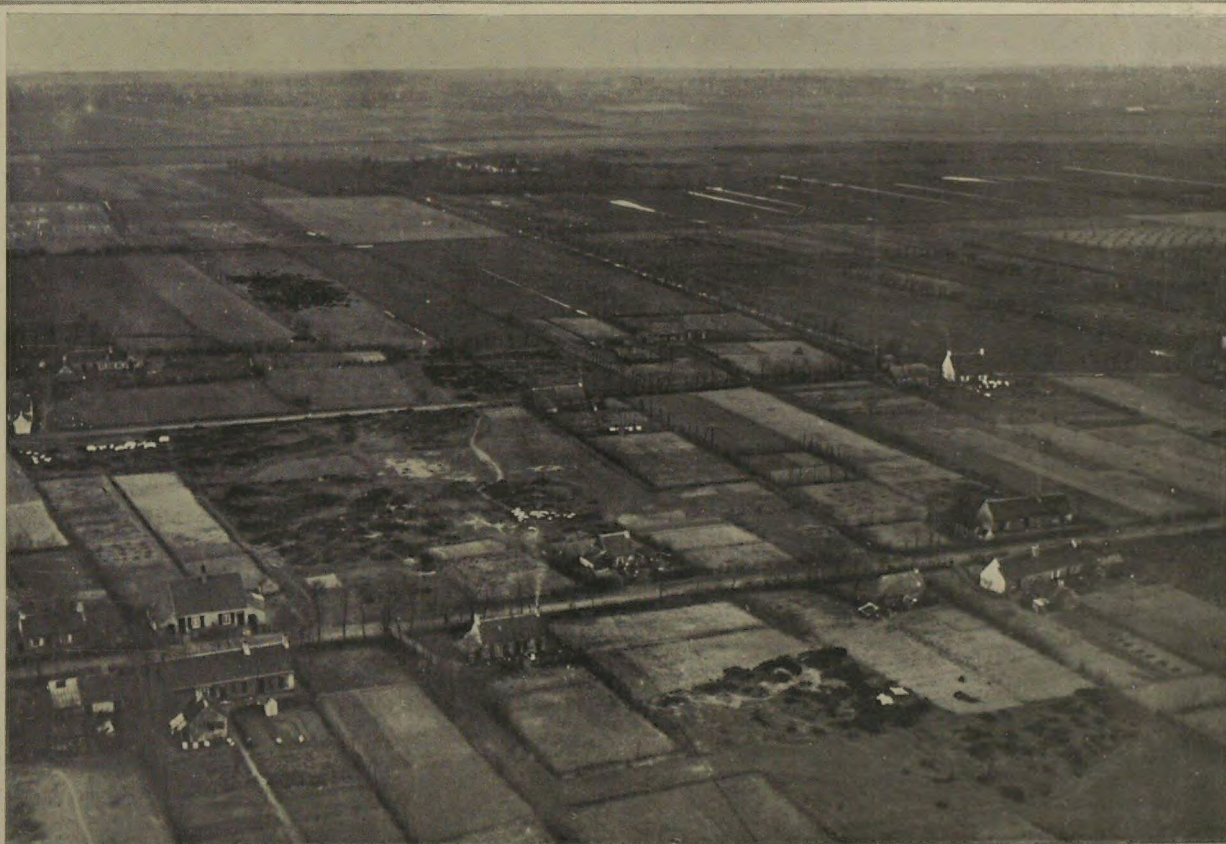
Mr. Joseph Farquharson and Mr. Arnesby Brown, are both well-known landscape-painters.—The King, on the 11th, inspected troops at Cambridge and visited the First Eastern Territorial Force General Hospital, where our photograph was taken. It is under the charge of Colonel J. Griffiths, M.D.—It was recently reported that Austria intended to re-establish a kingdom of Poland, with the Archduke Stephan as King. The Poles, it is said, prefer the prospect of autonomy as promised by Russia.—It was reported that the Kaiser invited Mr. J. W. Gerard, the United States Ambassador to Berlin, to confer with him at his eastern headquarters regarding the American Note on the threatened German naval policy.—M. Paul Hymans is leader of the Belgian Liberal Party.—Lieut.-Colonel William Murray-Threipland, who has been authorised to raise the new Welsh Guards, is himself of Scottish descent, though his wife is Welsh, being a daughter of Mr. W. Wyndham Lewis, of Glamorgan.

BATTLEFIELDS FROM THE AIR: THE AVIATOR'S VIEW OF WAR ZONES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEWSPAPER ILLUS. AND ALFIERI.



SHOWING HOW SMALL A TARGET IS OFFERED TO THE BOMB-DROPPING AIRMAN: CAVALRY ON THE MARCH PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN AEROPLANE.



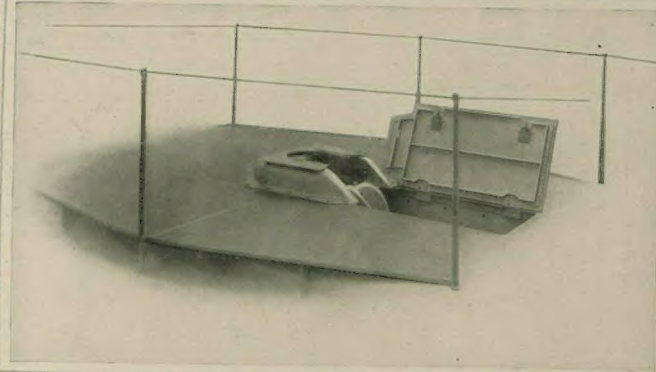
THE WAR AREA AS SEEN BY THE AIRMAN: "SOMEWHERE IN FLANDERS" PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A RECONNOITRING AEROPLANE.

Scarcely a day passes without there being a note, official or otherwise, of the skill and daring of the airmen of the Allies, in reconnoitring, in range-indicating for artillery, or in dropping bombs on places of military importance. The Great War, indeed, has settled, and settled once and for all, every doubt of those few who were inclined to discredit the value of air-craft. Even the Germans themselves, no mean fliers, have confessed, through the chief of a German aeroplane squadron, interviewed by the "New

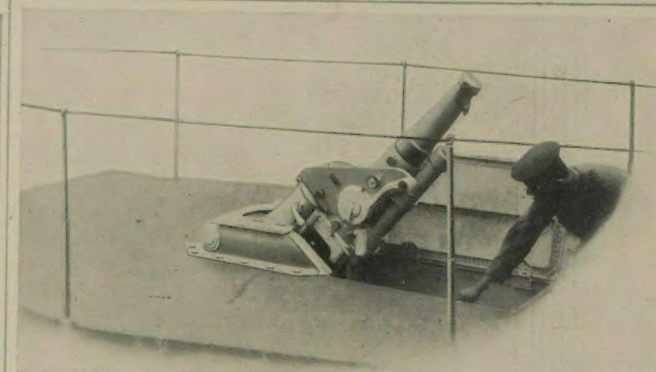
York Times": "The French are magnificent fliers; so are the English." The enemy's patriotism made him add: "But we Germans have the training. Especially in trained observers we have a big advantage." That will not worry many people, for the supposed advantage has not been proved! Writing only the other day, "Eye-Witness" said: "A large number of air-craft on both sides hovered over the battle-line, and there were many encounters in which our airmen maintained their usual superiority."

GERMANY'S "BLOCKADE" OF GREAT BRITAIN: SUBMARINE GUNS; SUBMARINES; A LABELLED NEUTRAL; THE "LAERTES."

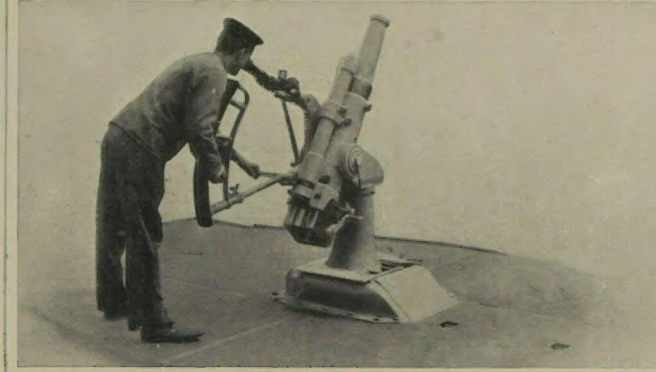
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RECORD PRESS, ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU, CLARKE AND HYDE, CENTRAL PRESS, AND G.P.U.



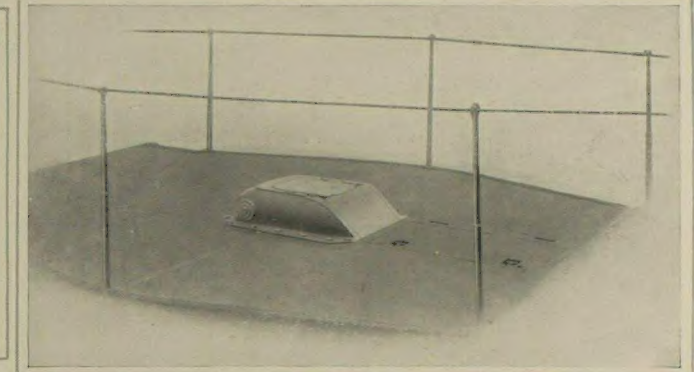
FITTED WITH THE TYPE OF WEAPON POSSIBLY USED AGAINST THE "LAERTES": THE DECK OF A GERMAN SUBMARINE WITH THE HATCH OF THE GUN-WELL OPEN.



A GERMAN SUBMARINE'S GUN: THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT AND ANTI-SHIP GUN BEING RAISED FROM ITS WELL TO THE DECK WITH ONE HAND.



A GERMAN SUBMARINE'S GUN DIRECTED AGAINST ENEMIES IN THE AIR: THE WEAPON READY TO FIRE AT DIRIGIBLE OR AEROPLANE.



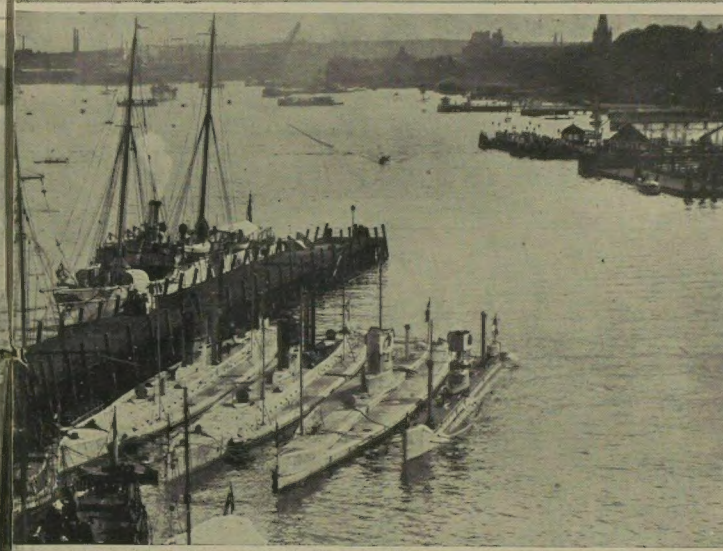
WITH THE GUN IN ITS WELL AND THE HATCH CLOSED BEFORE THE SUBMERGENCE OF THE CRAFT: THE DECK OF A GERMAN SUBMARINE FITTED WITH A KRUPP GUN.



BRITAIN'S SUBMARINE PROGRESS: OUR FIRST "A" BOAT (LEFT), AND ONE OF THE "D" CLASS.



THE UNDER-WATER CRAFT WITH WHICH GERMANY HOPES TO BLOCKADE THE BRITISH COAST—AND MAY SINK NEUTRALS: ENEMY SUBMARINES IN PORT.



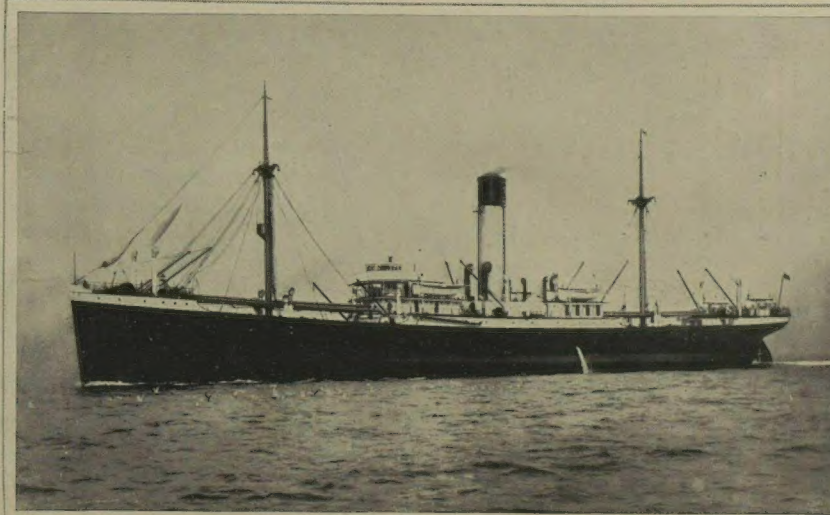
GERMANY'S SUBMARINE PROGRESS: THE SMALL "U 1" (RIGHT) COMPARED WITH THE "U 12."



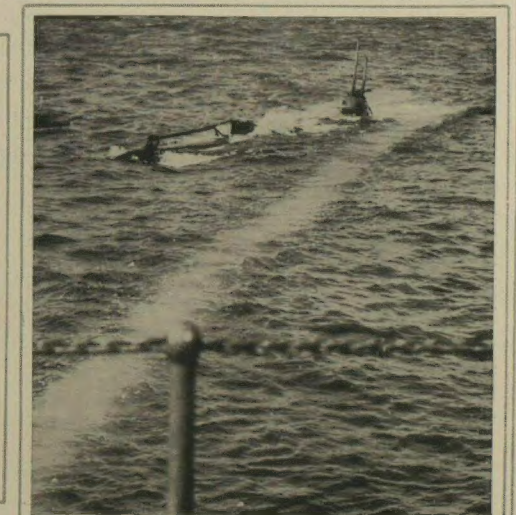
A BRITISH REPLY TO THE GUNS IN GERMAN SUBMARINES: A BRITISH QUICK-FIRER RAISED FROM ITS HATCH.



LABELLED TO SHOW GERMANY THAT SHE IS A NEUTRAL: A SHIP JUST ARRIVED IN THE THAMES MARKED BOLDLY WITH THE WORDS, "AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND."



ATTACKED BY A GERMAN SUBMARINE'S GUN AND A TORPEDO: THE "LAERTES" (CAPTAIN PROPERTY), WHICH ESCAPED THE ENEMY, THANKS TO HER MASTER'S SKILL.



SHOWING THE TRACK OF THE GERMAN "BLOCKADE" MISSILE: A SUBMARINE RISING AFTER FIRING A TORPEDO.

Shakespeare makes Laertes a sturdy, resolute character, balancing his points against Hamlet's shortcomings. If there be anything in Didd's tag that "a sailor is every inch the same as his ship," Captain Property, of the Holt "Blue Funnel" liner "Laertes," whose pluck and seamanship, when attacked by a German submarine in the North Sea, have won him universal commendation, the Distinguished Service Cross, and a temporary Lieutenant R.N.R.'s commission, hits off the case. One of our illustrations shows the "Laertes." Another shows the track of bubbles a torpedo leaves in the sea, giving the ship attacked a chance to evade it by a change of helm. That was much what Lieut. Property, R.N.R., saw. The submarine also fired shots at the "Laertes," hitting a ventilator and the funnel. All recent German submarines, from the "U 12" onwards, carry guns: "U 12" to "U 20," small

1-pounder pom-poms; "U 21" and later craft, two 14-pounder quick-firers. Our contemporary submarines, and some earlier ones, are similarly gunned. The guns, as our first four illustrations show, are on the superstructure. By the manipulation of a lever, the covering-hatch lifts and the gun emerges to its firing-position. Another movement of the lever returns it under cover and closes the hatch tightly. In view of the "blockade" of the British Isles, which was due to begin on February 18, certain European neutrals are painting stripes in their national colours on their ships' hulls, or labelling them by bold lettering as in the case of the Dutch ship shown. The Press of neutral countries, especially that of the United States, has made very strong protests against the threatened German naval policy as it affects neutral shipping.

TRENCH WARFARE: WATER; A BREACHED WALL; A TRUCE; AND MUD.

DRAWING BY FREDERIC VILLIERS.



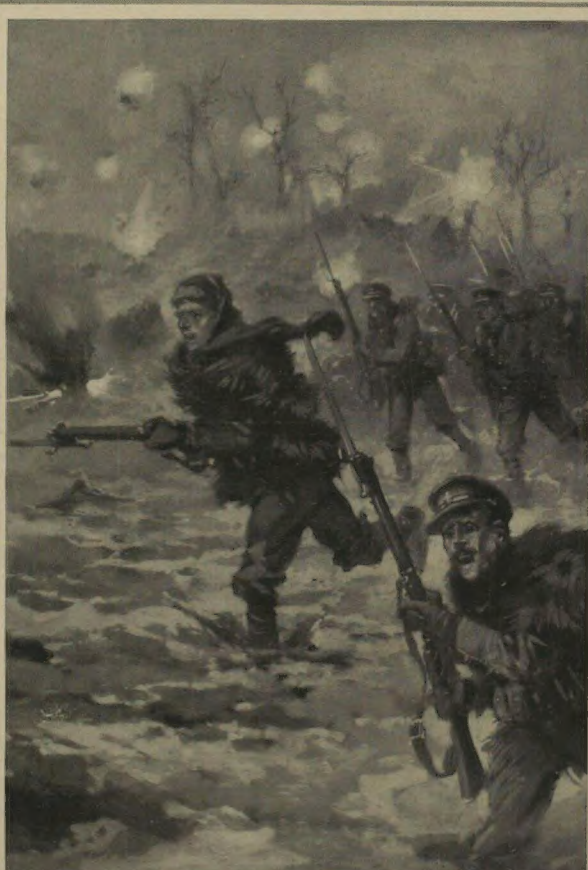
MAKING A DRY SPOT FROM WHICH TO SHOOT: PUMPING THE WATER OUT OF A BRITISH TRENCH.



SHIELDED FROM THE ENEMY: BRITISH TROOPS UNDER THE PROTECTION OF A MUCH-BREACHED BRICK WALL.



DURING AN UNOFFICIAL TRUCE: FRENCH SOLDIERS TALKING FROM THEIR TRENCH TO BAVARIANS.



IN A QUAGMIRE: BRITISH TROOPS ADVANCING TO RECAPTURE LOST TRENCHES, AT LA BASSÉE.

With regard to the first of our photographs, it may be pointed out that it illustrates the well-known fact that many of the trenches at the front were made well-nigh untenable by rain and flood: hence the use of such waders as we illustrate on another page. It will be noted that in this case planks have been placed on the bottom of the trench. The entrance to a shelter is seen on the right. The man in the foreground (and one further along) is wearing the soft, ear-flapped khaki cap which is becoming comparatively common in the British Expeditionary Force.—Somewhat to the right of the centre of Photograph No. 2 is a trench-periscope (or, to give it its correct name, a hyposcope), flat on the ground. The hyposcope is on the principle of the camera-

obscura, and it enables a man below the surface of the ground in a trench to see any movement going on on the ground level in front of the trench.—The third photograph illustrates one of those occasional unofficial truces which have taken place between British and Germans, Saxons especially, and French and Germans.—With regard to the fourth illustration, Mr. Frederic Villiers writes: "British advancing to recapture trenches at La Bassée. Between La Bassée and Givency the country is almost a quagmire, and our troops had the greatest difficulty in advancing to recapture certain trenches taken from them by the enemy. In spite of the terribly muddy state of the ground, in which some of them sank nearly to the knees, our troops were successful."

THE NEW FRANCE: HER SUPERB SOLDIERS ON THE MARCH.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C. N.



THE MOST RAPID MARCHERS IN EUROPE: FRENCH INFANTRYMEN—IN THEIR NEW "TRICOLOR GREY" UNIFORMS.

The French infantryman has long enjoyed the reputation of being the most rapid marcher in Europe. His rate of march in quick time is 120 paces, of 29½ inches, a minute; at the double, 270 paces, of 31½ inches, a minute. On the march, it is calculated, *Pionniers* covers a kilometre in 11 minutes, which means a mile in 18 minutes. Our illustration shows a detachment of sturdy linesmen stepping out, their long coats buttoned back to give free play to the legs. The men are wearing the new "tricolor-grey" uniforms which have replaced the too-conspicuous blue coats and red trousers. The

cloth, as a tribute to patriotic sentiment, is woven of intermingled strands of red, blue, and white, resulting in a grey that is practically invisible at any distance. The French Army as a whole has astonished the world in the Great War: it is superb; and the enemy as found that it can work every bit as well in the trenches as in the charge—a fact which, for some reason, based on our Allies' "quick" temperament, they did not believe possible. Certainly, the new Army is the outward and visible sign of a New France, which began to astonish us a few years ago.

"IN THE VOSGES A VIOLENT SNOWSTORM IS RAGING": WEATHER IN WHICH THE CHASSEURS CARRIED HILL 937.



ON PATROL DUTY IN THE SNOW: A FRENCH TERRITORIAL
IN THE VOSGES.



OÙ SONT LES NEIGES D'AUJOURD'HUI: THE APPROACH TO A FRENCH
FIRST-LINE TRENCH IN THE VOSGES.



SOME WEARING WHITE KEPIS TO HARMONISE WITH THE



THE WINTER WAR IN THE VOSGES: A BATTALION



SNOW: FRENCH TROOPS ENTRENCHED IN THE VOSGES.



OF FRENCH TERRITORIALS ON THE MARCH.



IN THE SNOW-CLAD VOSGES: A FRENCH SOLDIER
ON THE WATCH.



WHEN THE TEMPERATURE AT NIGHT IS ABOUT TWO DEGREES BELOW
ZERO: TRENCH LIFE IN THE VOSGES.

In the recent French official reports of the situation in the Vosges frequent mention has been made of the wintry weather prevailing, as, for instance, in the *communiqué* of the 14th, which said: "In the Vosges a violent snowstorm is raging." Our photographs give an excellent idea of the hardships implied for the gallant French troops holding the trenches in that part of the front. In spite of the severity of the weather, they have not relaxed their activity. On the 11th the following official announcement was made in Paris: "In the Vosges, thick fog and heavy snow. The infantry engagement reported yesterday at La Fontenelle in the Ban-de-Sapt took place during the night, which was intensely dark. The

Germans engaged comprised at least two battalions. After having yielded some ground, our troops yesterday regained it almost entirely by a series of counter-attacks. . . . South of the Château of Lusse, north of the St. Marie Pass, we occupied one of the enemy's trenches by a *coup de main*." On the next day it was stated: "In the Vosges our Chasseurs carried Hill 937, 800 metres north-west of the farm of Sudelle, in the region north of Hartmannsweilerkopf. This brilliant feat of arms was carried out in a violent snowstorm, and only cost us insignificant losses." The Chasseurs Alpins, it will be remembered, do some of their fighting on skis.

THE TRENCH-TO-TOWN EXPRESS: THE WEEK-END AWAY FROM THE FRONT.

DRAWN BY A. C. MICHAEL.



VICTORIA STATION BECOME, AS IT WERE, "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE": THE ARRIVAL OF THE SOLDIERS' TRAIN BRINGING OFFICERS AND MEN ON FURLOUGH FROM THE WAR ZONE TO HOME.

If it were possible to "break down the British horse of a "some," it would be pardonable at Victoria Station in these war-days. Straight from the trenches to this hub of London, from the mud and blood of the front, to the light and cheerfulness of home, come most afternoon some hundreds of the men who are fighting for their country. Very modest heroes are these British soldiers. Mud-stained khaki, dirty boots, and rough skin coats are the prosaic substitutes for the Arthurian "Greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops of sweat." And this homecoming—a new thing in warfare—brings the great struggle very close to us. Every minute is precious. The men have not wanted a moment upon sliver of the toilet. The officers are, as ever, well groomed; but they, too, lose no time in rejoining the world of London

in which they are to spend a few crowded days. The scene, inevitably, is charged with pathos for those who have eyes to see, but there are no "scenes." All types are represented. Quiet villas in the suburbs, grim tenements in mean streets, have sent their women-folk, just as have big houses in fashionable squares; for the home-coming of their soldier, and the joy of their presence and the shadow of their impending return, are shared by East and West, drawn together by the common bond of war-time. For the moment "Victoria" looks like "Somewhere in France." Still more poignant with suppressed pathos is the scene at Victoria when the "one o'clock War train" leaves with the men whose brief respite is over.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

FROM THE BANK TO —: THE LONDON MOTOR-'BUS AS THE CHARIOT OF MARS.



THE MOTOR-'BUS AT THE FRONT: A CONVOY OF INDIAN TROOPS ON A ROAD IN NORTHERN FRANCE—THE PEOPLE'S MOTOR-CAR DOING DUTY IN THE GREAT WAR.

When Kipling wrote "There ain't no 'buses runnin' from the Bank to Mandalay," he could not have anticipated the present Great War, when, metaphorically, 'buses are running from the Bank, if not to Mandalay, at least to many places at the front. The London motor-'bus, indeed, is a feature of the war zone, carrying rations, ammunition, reinforcing troops, and wounded. It has done fine work, very often with a driver much more familiar with London streets than with the highways and byways across the Channel. An officer at the front but echoed a

general feeling when he wrote recently, in a letter home: "We were in rather a bad corner, and things were getting very sultry, as the ammunition was running out. At the nick of time it arrived—what do you think? A Hendon 'bus. I never was so glad to see a Hendon 'bus before." On another occasion it is recorded, not of motor-'buses, but of London motor-'bus drivers, that, when driving lorries, they took up rifles and, lining a road, defended the convoy effectively against the enemy.

DRY AND WARM FOR 23½ HOURS IN FLOODED TRENCHES.



QUITE COMFORTABLE WITH WATER FREEZING ROUND HIS LEGS: CORPORAL WILKINSON EXPERIMENTING WITH THE NEW "WADERS."

ILLUSTRATIONS Nos. 1 and 3 were taken during the experiment on Corporal Wilkinson. "It was begun on Wednesday, January 6, at 7 a.m. He spent four hours on this day in the trench full of water, with intervals. Temperature 39 degrees. Reported quite warm and comfortable. January 7: 4½ hours in water. Temperature 39 degrees. Feet very comfortable. January 8: 6 hours in water. Temperature 39½ degrees. Condition as previous day. January 9: 6 hours in trench. Temperature 40 degrees. Time spent in stocking, without removing boots or stockings, 8½ hours. Time spent in water about 20½ hours."



SHOWING HOW THE "WADERS" ARE WORN—INSIDE THE BOOTS AND WITHOUT SOCKS: AN N.C.O. OF THE 3RD CITY OF LONDON FUSILIERS.



DURING THE FOUR-DAYS' EXPERIMENT IN WHICH HE KEPT BOOTS AND "WADERS" ON AND SPENT 20½ HOURS IN WATER: CORPORAL WILKINSON.

ILLUSTRATION No. 4 shows an experiment on four men which began at 9 a.m. on January 11, and terminated at 12 noon on January 14, at the same time as the experiment shown in Illustration No. 5. The temperature of the water during this experiment varied from 38 to 42 degrees. The weather was very bad, as there was a great deal of rain, the same as during the other experiment. The total time the wader-stockings were worn by these men amounted to 75 hours, and the total time during which they were in the water in the trenches amounted to 16½ hours. The men reported themselves as perfectly comfortable. The feet were perfectly dry during the whole time. Their sleep was very good and comfortable, and there is nothing unusual to report, as the experiment passed off exactly the same as the former experiments, in a most satisfactory manner.

ILLUSTRATION No. 5 shows an experiment on four other men, begun about 2 p.m. on January 9, and ended at 12 noon on the 14th. Although the men's feet were all different sizes, 7, 8, 9 and 10, the same wader-stocking was used, but, practically speaking, the men said they were all quite comfortable. Part of the time the water in the trench was frozen over with ½-inch of ice, and the temperature varied from 33 to 42 degrees. The men were quite comfortable the whole time. They did not remove their boots for the whole 118 hours, and slept in them. Their feet were comfortable and fairly warm, except when there was a heavy fall of sleet, when the feet were slightly colder, but not uncomfortably so. The total time of immersion was about 23½ hours. When the water rose to a temperature of 42 degrees the feet were quite warm.



SHOWING THAT THE "WADERS" DO NOT IMPEDE THE LEGS: MEN CHARGING AFTER STANDING FOR HOURS IN WATER.



A SEVERE TEST FOR THE "WADERS": MEN WHO STOOD IN FROZEN WATER FOR 25½ HOURS IN ALL DURING SIX DAYS.

The above photographs illustrate some remarkably interesting experiments made with the new Wader-Stockings adopted by the War Office for the use of the troops in wet or flooded trenches. They keep the men's feet dry and warm in the worst conditions, and thus greatly increase both their comfort and efficiency. The "waders," which are both lighter and stronger than those used by fishermen, are absolutely waterproof. They are lined with wool, and are worn on the bare foot; that is, without socks or stockings, and inside the ordinary Army service boot. If punctured by a nail in the boot or otherwise,

they can be mended like a bicycle tyre. These wader-stockings, which are proving an inestimable boon to the troops, were designed by Mr. F. B. Behr, who acknowledges "the very valuable assistance" of Captain F. C. Jenkins, Adjutant of the 3rd City of London Battalion (Royal Fusiliers). The experiments here illustrated were made upon men of the same battalion, with most satisfactory results. They all wore their "waders" and boots continuously night and day during the test, and suffered no ill-effects from long periods of immersion of the feet in icy water.

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, HILLS AND SAUNDERS, GALE AND FOLDEN, SEARLE, STUART, MAY, BARNETT, FRY, ERNEST BROOKS, BROOKE HUGHES, LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO., CLARK, AND MARION BARNARD



2ND LIEUT. L. C. LEE
IRISH GUARDS.



LT. E. A. DE ST. B. WATKINS
2ND DEVONSHIRE REGIMENT.



LIEUT. J. A. CARTER-WOOD
COLDSTREAM GUARDS.



LIEUT. O. J. ADDYMAN,
EAST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT



LT. J. CRAWFORD-KEHRMANN,
RIFLE BRIGADE.



CAPT. O. C. WILKINSON,
EAST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT.



MAJOR DE COURCY IRELAND
36TH SIKHS.



LIEUT. BRIAN FERGUS
QUEEN VICTORIA'S RIFLES



CAPT. F. E. WATKIN,
NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.



CAPT. H. F. HERD,
THE WELSH REGIMENT.



LT. C. M. COTTRELL-DORMER
D.S.O., COLDSTREAM GUARDS



CAPT. A. E. PARKER
THE BLACK WATCH



LIEUT. G. A. SECKHAM,
EAST LANCASHIRE REGIMENT.



LIEUT. R. A. FITZGIBBON,
128TH PIONEERS, INDIAN ARMY.



CAPT. F. C. NORBURY,
KING'S ROYAL RIFLE CORPS.



LIEUT. R. ST. J. BLACKER-
DOUGLASS, IRISH GUARDS.



LIEUT. B. G. N. WATKIN,
ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY



LIEUT. D. C. MACKENZIE,
SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.

Our portraits this week of officers who have given their lives for their country include that of Lieut. O. J. Addyman, who was killed on February 4. He was the second son of the late Mr. James William Addyman, of Leeds and Harrogate, and of Mrs. St. John, of Starbeck, York. Major de Courcy Ireland, a gallant officer, whose death in China, on January 28, is announced, served in the Tirah Campaign in 1897-8, receiving the medal with clasp. Lieut. C. M. Cottrell-Dormer, D.S.O., of the Coldstream Guards, was the second son of Captain and Mrs. C. W. Cottrell-Dormer, of Rousham, Oxfordshire. The official description of how Lieut. Cottrell-Dormer won his D.S.O. says: "After all his

men had been driven out of the trenches by enfilade fire, he remained to the last and got his wounded men away." He himself received wounds from which he subsequently died. Captain F. Campbell Norbury, of the King's Royal Rifles, was thirty-three. He joined the regiment from an O.T.C. in October 1914, and was killed near Bethune on January 8. Lieut. R. St. John Blacker-Douglass, of the Irish Guards, was the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Vandeleur Blacker-Douglass, of Grace Hall, Co. Down. 2nd Lieut. B. G. N. Watkin was one of the first cadets of Bangor University Officers' Training Corps to offer his services for the war. He left for the front on January 9.

SUBWAY WARFARE: IN THE RUSSIAN TRENCHES.

BY GRANVILLE FORTESCUE.

PART II.

Continued from last week.

THE Russian trenches are constructed along the crest of the ridge that surmounts the river bank. They are not elaborately built, as they were thrown up in the face of heavy fire when the Germans were making desperate but futile efforts to cross the stream. I have heard that the children of Germany got a holiday because of the great victory of the Battle of the Bzura. Well, the Kaiser in all his might can't take that holiday back even if it was not earned. While the children were romping, the Russian soldiers were digging and fighting like demons. Corps after corps of Germans were thrown into the river, as if the commanders were determined to dam the stream with dead and drive their guns over the bodies of their own troops.

About half of the trenches have head-cover. Passing along them is something like going through the Fourth Avenue tunnel from Thirty-Third to Forty-Second Street. You move alternately from light to shadow. The loop-holes, little windows that look out across the river, each have a long gun-barrel pointing outwards. Only a few soldiers, however, are seen, for during the day they sleep



CHILDREN—REAL AND METAPHORICAL: A RUSSIAN BOY IN UNIFORM WITH RUSSIAN SOLDIERS.

"The Russian soldier . . . is a child—a brave, resolute, obedient, uncomplaining, sometimes careless child."

A frontal attack by daylight is nothing short of suicide. Even the foolhardy Germans have learned this lesson.

Under each loop-hole is a little shelf dug into the earth. On this shelf is a tin box, piled with ammunition clips; soldiers must never lack for cartridges.

Treading through these narrow, grave-like excavations, I passed again and again little recesses dug into the front walls. They were raised a few inches from the ground, and by the faint light-rays that filtered through I made out the forms of men lying in lethargic sleep. But the shrill blast of a whistle would bring every one of these sleeping men to life and turn the trench wall into an arena of blazing fire. Even now at intermittent intervals there would sound the blast of a fired rifle. The guards were ever alert, and shot at anything that moved.

But it is not the guns or cannon of the enemy that affect the spirits of the soldiers in the trenches. It is the weather. A week of alternate rain and snow, when the ill-drained dug-outs are half-filled with a freezing, viscid mud; when, day after day, the feet are numbed by the frost until all sensation in them is deadened; when the coarse, scanty ration is refused by the tortured stomach—then it is that the spirits of the stoutest falter. Let the enemy attack as he will, and he must fail. It is only in fighting that the men find an outlet for their rancour. These men who attack them drive back the soup-kitchens, with their warm sides and steaming contents. The men who are guilty of this must be killed. This is how the Russian *moujik* reasons.

But a day of sunshine will start the soldiers singing. It was such a day that I stopped at Captain Melinkof's quarters for luncheon. A short sap connected these quarters with the firing-line. With true Russian hospitality, he put the kettle to boil as we entered, and gave orders to prepare lunch. His two-roomed subway apartment, as he called it, was one of the most elaborate trench-homes I have yet seen. It was an excavation twelve feet by seven, divided into two sections by a door. One half was the kitchen and dining-room, and the other half was the bedroom and offices. Three company officers occupied this dug-out, but there were only two beds, as one had

constantly to be on duty. All the furniture had come from near-by shell-wrecked houses except the stove: that was a regulation camp-stove. As a bath-room with hot and cold water was nearly finished, I realised how comfortable one could be underground.

It was flattering to realise how much my visit was appreciated. Strange as it may seem, these officers complain of the monotony of their existence. The popular mind hardly pictures a trench that is under constant fire both from small arms and from cannon as a place where one has time to become bored with existence. But it is just the continuity of these attacks that makes them so tiresome. Living in this restricted area, and confined to a certain circle of thought by their duties, the officers welcome a stranger with an acclaim only given to a troubadour in the Middle Ages.

Captain Melinkof was keenly interested when he heard that I had been with the French Army in the field. He plied me with a score of questions about the work of Russia's ally, and every question was put from the standpoint of a practical soldier.

Our chatting was interrupted by luncheon. A cup of steaming coffee, a slice of soldier's black bread covered with a sliver of bacon-fat, was the *plat du jour*. White bread-and-butter was the dessert. After my exciting morning I thoroughly enjoyed the meal. Our lunch was disturbed by the eerie buzz of the field-telephone.

"Is there any change on your front?" came the question over the wire.

One of the officers took a hasty survey, and replied, "No."

Hardly had he answered, when a German battery opened from a new position. Its target was a group of Russian guns well in the rear. We piled out to study the enemy with our glasses, but when we discovered it was no more than what the official *communiqué* calls an artillery duel, we returned to our muttons. During the rest of the meal one of the Russian officers kept count of the shells that whistled overhead.

"Forty-three," he said at the end of an hour. He poked his head above ground to see the effect of this expenditure of ammunition. "No damage done," he reported; "every shot was short."

Disturbing the trench cat that was purring around my ankles, I went above ground for a hasty survey. The rifles were opening on the German battery. Every shot made that curious blast of a gun fired from earthworks. Anything moving in the enemy's lines was a target. That is the rule on both sides, and even when I put my camera over the trench-top it brought an unwelcome fusillade.

We sighted a Russian aeroplane circling above the German positions, and here was a picture of war in its most modern aspect. While the aviator flew against the blue sky, balls of snow-white clouds would appear suddenly in the air beneath him. The Germans had turned their air-guns on the reckless flier, but he was beyond their range.

On the horizon I could see a low, white house which Captain Melinkof assured me was a German hangar. A balloon and six aeroplanes armed with one-pounders were said to be housed in the building. Russian aviators had made a number of attempts to destroy this structure with their bombs, but so far they could not report any striking success. The balloon was a captive used to direct artillery fire.

The plain of Poland is as flat as the floor, and this makes the observation of gun-fire extremely difficult.

To obviate this the Germans had brought up this balloon, and all the day before had used it to correct the sightings of their gunners. The balloon made a big target against the western sky, but as it was fully five thousand yards distant it would take extraordinary good luck to hit it. It was too low for aeroplanes to attack, for this would bring them into shrapnel range. To drop a bomb on it from above was also difficult. The idea that aviators can place explosives with accuracy has not been proved.

In the trenches I heard a story of how the Germans, to use a slang phrase, "put one over" on the too-confiding Russians. This happened at a portion of the line where the positions ran so close that the men could communicate by shouting. It was around Christmas, and the Germans invited the Russians to come over for a hot cup of new coffee just received from home. The Russians replied to this invitation, shouting: "Come over and try our tea. It's a special gift from the Tsar."

The Germans then put up the white flag, and said that they would send over fifteen men to try the tea if the Russians would send over the same number to sample their coffee. The plan was carried out. When the fifteen Germans appeared in the Russian trench, the hosts remarked to one another that if these were a sample the enemy would not hold out long. They were a sick-looking lot. Suddenly

the Germans pulled down their white flag and commenced firing. Then the Russians found that they had exchanged fifteen good soldiers for fifteen typhus patients.

It is easy to believe that the Russian soldier could be imposed upon in this way. Although extremely courageous, he is very simple-minded with it all, and certainly trusting. He is a splendid physical specimen. In the trial of trench warfare this is the great desideratum. Then, the Russians of the type that are drafted into the army have all their life been accustomed to privation and exposure. For this reason they are the only troops that I have seen who can stick six days and nights on end in a trench, under constant small arms and shell fire, with the temperature below zero, and after a day's rest be as good as ever. The Russians never grumble.

I have heard them make a mild protest once, but on this occasion it was on being taken out of the fire-line trenches. When this certain regiment was ordered back to the reserve line for a rest, they met the order with a request which said: "Please let us stay here; we are so comfortable." Their dug-outs were snug enough. But as the Germans were dropping projectiles containing a half-ton of explosives on the position of that particular regiment all day, and sweeping its line with machine-gun and musketry fire all night, it is hard to think of the soldiers as "so comfortable."

This war is having one good effect. It is educating the Russian peasant. Their officers tell me that they can almost see the men mentally expanding. In the first place, Ivan the soldier may travel from one end of the Russian Empire to the other to reach the battlefields of Poland. The cities and peoples he sees in this journey must teach him something. Then there is no condition of life which makes such demands on all the faculties as warfare. A mistake when you are in the firing-line means death or captivity.

They enjoy scouting more than children enjoy playing hide-and-seek, and it is no uncommon thing for a squad to come to its commanding officer with the request: "Please, Sir, may we go out to-night and catch some

German?" This gives the key to the Russian soldier. He is a child—a brave, resolute, obedient, uncomplaining, sometimes careless child. I have lived with the soldiers of nine of the world's great armies, and no one of them can show a better fighting man than Ivan the soldier. (THE END.)



THE HERO OF THE HANDBILL-DELIVERING ADVENTURE IN THE GERMAN LINES (SEE OUR LAST ISSUE): PRIVATE FUCHS, OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY.



FORMER FOES BECOME FRIENDS AND ALLIES: A JAPANESE MAJOR WITH A RUSSIAN GENERAL IN POLAND.

SUEZ AND "SOMEWHERE EAST": CANAL AND RIVER CAMPAIGNS.

PHOTOGRAPH NO. 1 BY BASSETT DIGNY; NOS. 3 TO 6 BY A BRITISH OFFICER.



WHERE WAR-SHIPS JOINED IN DEFEATING THE TURKISH ATTACK:
A BRITISH TORPEDO-BOAT IN THE SUEZ CANAL.



PART OF THE DEFENCES OF EGYPT WHICH THE TURKS FOUND IMPREG-
NABLE: A DESERT CAMP ON THE SUEZ CANAL.



DURING AN ACTION WITH THE TURKS ON THE SHATT-EL-ARAB: LOADING
A 4-INCH GUN ON A BRITISH WAR-SHIP.



ONE OF THE MANY OBSTACLES VAINLY OPPOSED TO THE ADVANCE ON
BASRA: THE "EKBATANA," SUNK IN THE SHATT-EL-ARAB.



A CUTTER EXPEDITION ON THE SHATT-EL-ARAB: GOING TO EXAMINE
TWO DHOWS ON THE BANK—ONE FULL OF ABANDONED AMMUNITION



A NAVAL ACTION ON THE SHATT-EL-ARAB: A BRITISH WAR-SHIP SINKS
A TURKISH PATROL-BOAT AT A RANGE OF 2½ MILES.

In the official account of the defeat of the Turkish attack on the Suez Canal it was stated: "At daybreak the enemy were seen advancing. Their artillery fired on Toussoum and Serapeum, and was answered by our artillery and the fire from our ships."—Photographs Nos. 3 to 6 on this page were taken during the brilliant operations of the Indian Expeditionary Force at the head of the Persian Gulf, and up the Shatt-el-Arab River. Basra was occupied on November 21. In photograph No. 3, which shows the loading of a 4-inch gun, the shell-bags on the deck may be noted. The seaman in the

foreground has a gun-cartridge in his arms, and on the deck is stood a shrapnel shell ready for the next round. The S.S. "Ekbatana" (shown in photograph No. 4), formerly of the Hamburg-Amerika Line, was sunk by the Turks, with another vessel, across the river, to delay the British advance. In their retreat the Turks abandoned large quantities of war material. One of the two dhows shown in photograph No. 5 was found to be full of ammunition. In photograph No. 6, in the distance, is seen the smoke from a Turkish patrol-boat sunk by gun-fire by the war-ship in the foreground.

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY.



PUNISHING THE REBELS: THE EGYPTIAN BOOKS OF CHEMISTRY BURNED BY ORDER OF ELI

AUTHOR OF AN ENCYCLOPEDIA TREATISE ON MEDICINE: CHAZELLE ARMAND PASTEUR

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE LEECH FAMINE AND THE WAR.

ON the outbreak of the war all sorts and conditions of men began making provision for the days of famine that were to come, and now they must be feeling a little ashamed of themselves—at any rate, those of them who "did the thing handsomely"! But nobody thought of a possible famine in leeches, and as a consequence, the famine has come! This particular kind of livestock has fallen so low that importations of a new kind of leech have had to be made to make good the shortage, if possible.

The proverbial powers of attachment of this animal are not such as cause it to be regarded with favour. Yet the time may come to each of us when we may be glad of its services; for the leech is one of many obnoxious creatures which man has turned to his profit. But there are many different kinds of leeches. The leech, with which we are for the moment concerned, is known as the "Medicinal leech" (*Hirudo medicinalis*). Though a native of these islands, haunting English streams and marshes, it cannot be taken in sufficient numbers to supply the demand, though this is now far less than in days gone by, when they were imported into this country by the million. Eighty years ago, Dr. Shipley has recently remarked, in commenting on their use in the past, Paris alone used about fifty-two million annually!

Our main supplies have always come from France and Central Europe, areas which are just now the scenes of blood-letting by other and far more powerful agencies. Our source of supply from this quarter having been cut off, an Indian species is to be used: a first consignment from Bombay having arrived a few days ago.

Despite the unsavouriness of their habits, the leech-tribe are an interesting family. They are cousins of the vegetarian earthworms, but, possibly from their more stimulating diet, they are far more active and versatile. Some have adapted themselves to a life on land, and some have taken to the sea, where they prey upon fishes. In all, the body, which is worm-like, but tapering forwards, is provided at each end with a sucker. Together these suckers form very efficient organs of locomotion, that at the forward end being thrust forward and affixed to some point of attachment when the hinder one is promptly brought up and affixed immediately behind it, so that the body in the course of its progress

is thrown into a series of U-shaped loops. Swimming is performed with speed by vertical undulations of the

soon as a hold on the victim has been obtained, three horny teeth at the bottom of the sucker are brought into play. Speedily the skin is pierced by saw-like movements of the jaws, and the meal begins.

The medicinal leech can draw three times his own weight of blood, and when fully gorged can fast for nine months, or longer. Great care has to be taken in withdrawing a leech before it has finished its meal. If it be pulled off its victim, the teeth may be left in the wound, when they will cause serious trouble. Accordingly, it has to be induced to release its hold by sprinkling its body with salt.

So far as the human race is concerned, land-leeches are more formidable than their aquatic relatives; at any rate, in the tropics this is so. These are quite small, but they infest the jungle in swarms, sitting out on the leaves awaiting victims. It is impossible to force a way through the tangled mass of vegetation without brushing off scores of these pests, for they are very wideawake, and at the approach of their prey every one of these lilliputian scourges is outstretched to seize a hold. They are extremely rapid in their movements, and their touch is so delicate that their presence is not suspected till they are nearly gorged with blood. How delicate is their attack is shown by the fact that they may even fasten themselves on to the eye-ball without revealing their presence till the vision becomes blurred with blood. In a damp climate the bites of these creatures result in sores of a very painful character, and in any case bleeding may continue for some time after they have dropped from their feeding-place. Curiously enough, pigs never seem to be attacked by leeches. But my friend Mr. Wollaston, when in New Guinea, found that the bare regions of the head in cassowaries are often covered with them. Some are rather prettily striped with yellow and brown, but none are large: two inches represents the maximum size, and few attain to this. In this respect they are far behind a South American species which may exceed a length of two feet! Fortunately, it is a carnivorous species, living on earthworms, for an attack by a blood-sucking species of this size would mean certain death. The land-leeches are all apparently short-lived species, but this is not so with the aquatic species. The medicinal leech, for example, takes five years to arrive at maturity, and lives to twenty.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



WEARING A VERY REMARKABLE SPLINT: A GERMAN SOLDIER WHO HAS HAD A HAND SHATTERED.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.



DISINFECTING GIFTS FOR GERMAN SOLDIERS: MAKING SURE THAT PRESENTS OF CLOTHING FOR THE TROOPS ARE GERM-FREE.

Amongst the gifts sent for presentation to German soldiers at the front are large quantities of clothing. Before any article is despatched it is disinfected in the special apparatus shown in the photograph: another instance of the enemy's thoroughness.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]

whole body. When partaking of their meal of blood the anterior sucker plays a very important part, for this encircles the mouth. As



NAPOLEON

SHAKESPEARE

JOAN OF ARC

BLACK PRINCE

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

HOMER

PLUTARCH

JULIUS CAESAR

RAMESES II

FAME

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NEW NOVELS.

"The Lady of the Reef."

The name of a novel is not invariably an index to the contents, wherefore Mr. Frankfort Moore, always happy in his titles, is to be congratulated on "The Lady of the Reef" (Hutchinson), outside and in. The Lady of the Reef! It has the fall of music; it captivates the curious; it allures, leading on through the opening chapter which permits no glimpse of the lady, and only introduces the commonplace figure (in fiction) of the young man who inherits a windfall property and embarks forthwith on fresh adventures. Walter Massaroon passes from the artistic world of Paris to his cousin's property in Ulster. He leaps at a bound the great gulf fixed between the light mental atmosphere of a French atelier and the grim self-esteem of prosperous Ulster. Mr. Frankfort Moore is conscientious with his Ulster-men, and perhaps for that reason he keeps their more lovable qualities strictly in the shade. Incidentally, his novel is an illumination of the Home Rule question—and that an Ulster romance should only coquette with politics shows how marvelously the practised craftsman can handle his literary tools. It is the Lady of the Reef who counts, with Ulster as an effective background to her charms. A vigorous and pleasing novel.

"Years of Plenty."

The name of Mr. Ivor Brown is unknown to us, and if—as we believe—"Years of Plenty" is his first novel, we must congratulate Mr. Martin Secker once again on his happy recognition of young talent. The book of adolescence, covering schoolboy and undergraduate experience, is, of course, anything but an unfamiliar publication. It has been done in the high sentimental vein, in the vivisectionary vein, and in the blameless spirit of bowdlerism. All these things are good in their way, but not quite good enough to catch the exact portrait of the average English youth, and in this, we think, Mr. Ivor Brown has succeeded to admiration. He has not spent himself on a painstaking elaboration of the mind of the supersensitive young person whose destiny is subsequently to become a

rising novelist. He has, as a matter of fact, achieved something rather more difficult—for the rising novelist, Martin Leigh, is the raw material of empire-builders. He arrives at the Indian Civil Service because he is a rather clever young man without private means, with a matter-of-fact recognition that, though it does not promise the career of his Oxford dreams, does afford opportunities for a decent fellow to make good. He has worried through his public school, and through the effervescent Oxford years, and come out with no wild illusions, but with a very hopeful common-sense and the beginnings—the first faint dawn—of the Englishman's art of government. He strikes us as true to life in every detail. "Years of Plenty" is a book that

Russell would never have expressed it in that graphic journalese. Mr. Jack London has distorted these persons, the familiar objects of the literary seascape, into American grotesques. They are, to use the hackneyed German adjective, colossal, and we think their colossal quality abuses them. It is not possible to be convinced by the spectacle of the superman and the super-criminal and the super-lunatic in this conjunction. If the reader does not insist upon being convinced, and will put away fastidiousness and resign himself to a world of Brobdingnagian misproportion, all will be well. Mr. Jack London's ship is awash with "murders and bug and fun, with sword and axe and gun." The book is a whole-hearted tale of thrilling adventure; but we may be allowed soberly to doubt whether the port of Baltimore ever saw a vessel so amazingly full of terrific possibilities leave its shelter, even for the wild waters of the Horn.

There is a pleasant, kindly flavour in "Some Women and Timothy" (Hutchinson), and it is probable that the tender-hearted Tim, Lord Fordley, will endure himself to many feminine novel-readers and be commended to the notice of their friends. The danger for Timothy, who is not particularly astute, is that the women will make a fool of him, and this very nearly happens. If he had been less true to himself it would have happened with disastrous consequences, for a peer, even a plain peer, who accepts people at their own value goes in jeopardy of his single blessedness every day of his bachelor life. We could see, of course, from the very first that Fordley would marry the right person, but Miss Somerville's engaging red-herrings cross the scent a good many times, and the excursions that result are nicely adjusted to appeal to the young man's sporting instincts. Fordley had the wisdom of the simple. Not every gentle soul would pick up a really adorable orphan, waiting to be adopted in the Park, and use him to ensnare the lovely woman of his heart. The disposal of Peter was an inspiration. And (this is by the way) not every traveller can import a dog without quarantine. How did Timothy manage the latter manoeuvre? The book opens with it, and leaves us still wondering.



THE WAR AGAINST MUD AND WATER: BRITISH TROOPS PUMPING WATER OUT OF A TRENCH.

"Muddy water," wrote "Eye-Witness" recently, "has been found difficult to pump, but this difficulty is being overcome." The advantage of this is very obvious.



THE WAR AGAINST MUD AND WATER: BALING OPERATIONS IN A BRITISH TRENCH.

"The problem of how to get rid of the water" (to quote "Eye-Witness" again) "is engaging the attention of both sides . . . continual baling and pumping are required."

should be read, more particularly, perhaps, by the home-grown pessimist.

"The Mutiny of the 'Elsinore,'" Mr. Clark Russell put to sea with his faithful readers, "The Mutiny of the 'Elsinore'" (Mills and Boon) would have distilled a very different flavour from ingredients technically similar. All our old friends are to be found in the 'Elsinore'—passengers, a landsman of potential heroic quality, the captain's lovely daughter, the sinister crew, and the mate whose "huge paw" possessed an anæsthetic quality (only Mr. Clark

marry the right person, but Miss Somerville's engaging red-herrings cross the scent a good many times, and the excursions that result are nicely adjusted to appeal to the young man's sporting instincts. Fordley had the wisdom of the simple. Not every gentle soul would pick up a really adorable orphan, waiting to be adopted in the Park, and use him to ensnare the lovely woman of his heart. The disposal of Peter was an inspiration. And (this is by the way) not every traveller can import a dog without quarantine. How did Timothy manage the latter manoeuvre? The book opens with it, and leaves us still wondering.

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By FRANK DADD.

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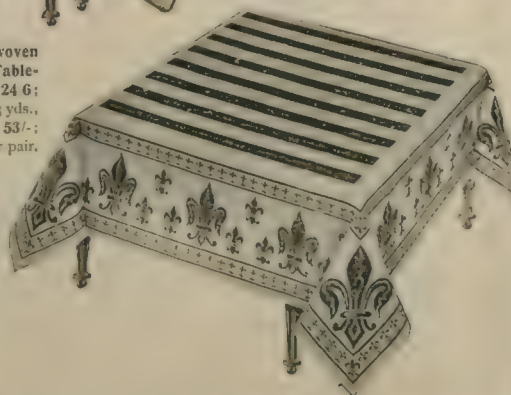
No. G 313.—Double Damask Table-cloth, 2 x 2 yds., 12/-; 2 x 2½ yds., 15/-; 2 x 3 yds., 18/-; 2½ x 3 yds., 23/-; 2½ x 3½ yds., 26/10
Napkins to match, ¾ x ¾ yds., 18/6 per doz.

Price List and Cuttings of Damasks to show quality sent post free.

No. G 773.—Hand-woven Double Damask Table-cloths, 2 x 2 yds., 24 6; 2 x 2½ yds., 30/8; 2 x 3 yds., 36/9; 2½ x 3 yds., 53/-; 2½ x 3½ yds., 61/10 per pair.

Napkins to match, ¾ x ¾ yds., 59/- per doz.

To all intending purchasers our Green Book of Damasks will be sent on application.



Robinson & Cleaver Ltd

156/170, Regent Street;
101/102, Cheapside, LONDON.

40D, Donegall Place
BELFAST

22, Church Street,
LIVERPOOL.
All Post Orders to Belfast.

THE STANDARD BANK OF SOUTH AFRICA.

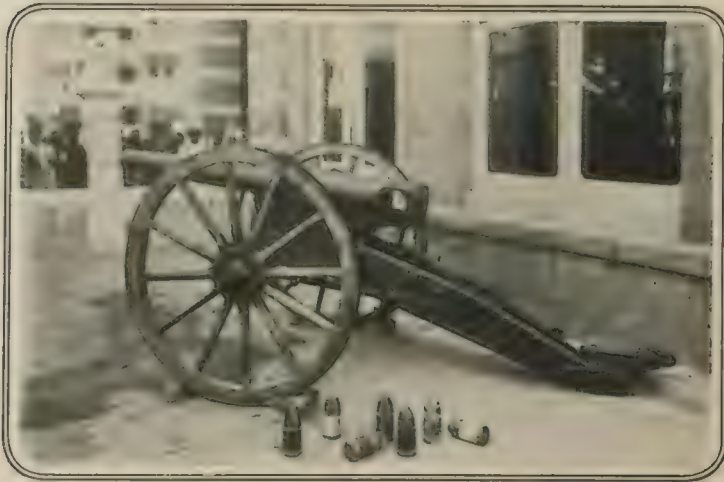
ONE would not look to the record of a banking company's operations for a book of general interest, but it must be admitted that the "History of the Standard Bank of South Africa, Ltd.," by the late G. T. Amphlett (Maclehose), is an exception to the rule. It is a revelation of the romance of commerce, and throws valuable light upon the growth of Empire. The author entered the Standard Bank in 1881, and retired after thirty-three years of service. He then held the post of Assistant General Manager. One month after he had laid his harness aside he died at Salisbury, Rhodesia; but his story of the business that had occupied the best years of his life was already written, and the directors decided to publish it as a tribute to his memory. They have done well, for in a way the history of the bank is a history of South Africa from the days when its prodigious activity had yet to come down to a couple of years ago. The difficulties of banking operations in a new and undeveloped land are set out very clearly. The Standard's first chairman failed in business

State closed all the offices that the Standard's directors had established, on the ground that they were alien institutions. When Boer, Basuto, Zulu, or Matabele went on the war-path, bank clerks were forced to fight; some were killed. New branches in small towns were no more than tents or tin shanties; within a mile of one newly opened establishment in Rhodesia two lionesses were shot. From time to time gentlemen who were in a hurry to grow rich would come to the conclusion that bank-raiding was a short cut to the desired goal; sometimes they killed a clerk or two, but on the whole their success was inconsiderable. The Standard Bank was steadily progressive, its period of bad management was brief, and it was able to absorb several rival corporations. It is clear that the qualities that would make a good banker in London or New York would not have sufficed in the earlier days of South Africa: it may be that they would not do all that is necessary even to-day. Paul Kruger commandeered a large amount of money during the last Boer War, and offered bar gold in exchange. Acting on instructions from the Colonial Office, the bank refused

of legitimate trade. The "History of the Standard Bank" will beguile a leisure hour more pleasantly than many a book of travel, not by reason of special literary merit, but on account of the facts it sets on record.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway announce that the service leaving Victoria (S. E. and C.R.) daily at 8.30 a.m. for Paris via Folkestone and Boulogne is accelerated, and arrives in Paris at 6.35 p.m., instead of 8.25 p.m., an acceleration of one hour and fifty minutes. The service formerly leaving Paris (Nord) at 7.5 a.m. for Victoria (S. E. and C.R.) via Boulogne and Folkestone now leaves at 8.30 a.m., and arrives at Victoria at 7 p.m., an acceleration of one hour and twenty-five minutes.

The Ardath Tobacco Company, Ltd., manufacturers of the popular "State Express" cigarettes, has had a very satisfactory year. The total net profit amounts to £51,616 1s. 1d. After paying interim dividends and providing for final dividends at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the Cumulative Preference shares and 7 per cent. per annum on the Preferred Ordinary shares, the directors propose to again pay a dividend of 25 per cent. on the Ordinary shares; to place to reserve £20,000, making that fund £50,000; and to carry forward £5051 1s. 3d.



A CAPTURED TURKISH GUN IN BOMBAY: A TROPHY OF THE PERSIAN GULF EXPEDITION.

Bombay has a visible sign of the exploits of the Indian Expeditionary Force up the Shatt-el-Arab River, in the shape of a captured Turkish gun. Eight were taken near Basra, and three more at Masera, near Kurna.

Photo, by Bourne and Shepherd, India.

owing to the management's refusal to grant further accommodation; speculation in wool, diamonds, angora hair, and gold reacted upon the bank; the Orange Free

branches in East Africa and the Belgian Congo. It also possesses an imposing office in Hamburg, and may claim to have done much for the promotion and extension



A CANADIAN DOING IMPORTANT WORK AT THE FRONT: BRIG.-GEN. H. C. NANTON.

Brig.-Gen. Nanton, a son of the late Augustus Nanton, of Toronto, is now at the front in France, having accompanied Sir James Willcocks, Commander of the Indian troops in France, as Chief of the Royal Engineers of the Indian Expeditionary Forces. General Nanton was at the Military College, Kingston. From there he obtained his commission, and entered the British Army with a medal, awarded for service in the North-West Rebellion (North-West Territories of Canada) in 1885. General Nanton also served with distinction in the Burma Expedition, 1888-9 (medal); the Chitral Relief Force, 1895 (mentioned in despatches, medal and clasp); North-West Frontier, India, 1897 (medal); Boer War, 1900-3, as Deputy Director of Railways under Sir Percy Girouard, R.E. (King's and Queen's medals and clasps). General Nanton served in India on Lord Kitchener's staff. He left for the front in August.



A Permanently Good Complexion.

TO keep the skin and complexion always in a perfectly healthy condition use

BEETHAMS La-rola

and use it habitually before going out; a little applied to the face and hands is the best possible safeguard against injury to the skin and complexion from extremes of temperature and cold winds. The "LA-ROLA" action on the skin tissues removes and prevents all Roughness, Redness, Irritation, Chaps, &c., and ensures a permanently good complexion.

In bottles, 1/- and 2/6, of all Chemists and Stores.
M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM

PALE COMPLEXIONS
may be greatly IMPROVED by just a touch of "La-rola Rose Bloom," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives THE BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes 1/-




A Medical Comfort—

FOR INVALIDS & THE WOUNDED

Lemco is a valuable aid to those who are struggling against suffering and weakness. It is better than beef-tea, and has important features which render it peculiarly indispensable to an enfeebled system.

It is susceptible of easy assimilation; it stimulates without reaction; and fat being entirely excluded in the process of manufacture, it does not nauseate.

A teaspoonful of Lemco in a glass of hot milk creates a most nourishing and easily digested diet. Lemco is excellent, too, for the preparation of meat-jellies and other sick-room dainties.

LEMCO



BY ROYAL WARRANT
TO H.M. THE KING.

Quality.

With **LEA & PERRINS'** sauce, a few drops sprinkled over the meat, fish or cheese, &c., are all that is required to impart the most delicious piquancy and flavour.

The **QUALITY** and concentration of its ingredients make a little of this sauce go a long way.

Lea & Perrins

The Original and Genuine WORCESTERSHIRE.



Snake Charmer Cigarettes

for Connoisseurs

Per Packet of Ten

BOUQUET 6^{D.}
SIZE

QUEEN - 9^{D.}
SIZE

May be obtained at all the branches of Salmon & Gluckstein, Limited, or post free direct from their Warehouse 2-14, Clarence Street, St. Luke's, London E.C.

The Ever-ready Oxford

FOR Spring or Winter, rain or shine, the Oxford shoe is always suitable and right. But there are variations in the Oxford itself and the lighter, jauntier model here represented, with its glossy patent leather toe-cap and attractively shaped heel, will give a most successful finish to the Spring costume. That is provided always that good fit has been secured. The power to secure this lies partly with the purchaser herself. She can judge the subtle difference between a tolerable and a perfect fit—and, doing this, will secure shoes that feel absolutely her own, combining the fresh, smart look of new shoes with the comfort and kindness of old.

Letters

Lotus Ltd, Stafford

Manufacturers of Delta and Lotus Boots

Telephone
6989 London Wall



Lotus 15/6

Sold by one or more agents in every town.

"A good digestion"

—an excellent wish, which may be realised by taking the "Allenburys" Diet.

It affords an ideal food for those of weakened or temporarily impaired digestion.

It is prepared from rich milk and whole wheat—the two vital food elements, combined in a partially predigested form.

MADE IN A MINUTE—
Add boiling water only

Large sample will be sent for 3d. stamps.

The Allenburys' DIET

Of Chemists 1/6 & 3/- per tin.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., Lombard St., London, E.C.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will of MR. WILLIAM RANSOM, of Fairfield, Hitchin, head of William Ransom and Son, who died on Dec. 1, is proved by Francis Ransom, son, and Theodore Ransom, nephew, the value of the real and personal estate amounting to £504,898. Testator gives £60,000 and house property to each of his daughters Theodora and Charlotte; £500 each to the North Herts and South Beds. Hospital, and the Friends' Foreign Mission Society; £100 to the Benevolent Fund of the Pharmaceutical Society; £350 to Elizabeth Ann Abbott; £250 to John Ransom Marsh; £150 each to his grandchildren; legacies to persons in the employ of his firm, and to servants; and the residue to his son.

The will (dated June 21, 1914) of MAJOR EUSTACE LODER, late 12th Lancers, of Eyrefield Lodge, The Curragh, Kildare, who died on July 27, is proved by Sir Merrick Burrell, Bt., and Ralph D. Hudson, the value of the estate being £295,938. Testator gives his share and interest in the sire Cock-a-Hoop to Sir Merrick Burrell £5000 to the 12th Lancers' Regimental Association; £500 to the 12th Lancers' Comrades' Fund; £1000 to the Drogheda Memorial Hospital, Curragh; £50,000 to his nephew John De Vere Loder; £5000 and £500 a year to his manager, Noble Johnson; £300 each to Arthur Ward, John Bostock, and John Hart; £300 to his butler Lionel Foreman; £100 to his late valet George King; £100 each to his god-children; and the residue to his nephew Giles Harold Loder.

The will of MR. JOHN ANDREW MAITLAND, of 22, York Terrace, Regent's Park, and Little Friston, near Eastbourne, chairman of Thorne and Co., 66, Old Broad Street, who died on Dec. 17, is now proved, the value of the property being £220,135. Testator gives £10,000 and his town house to his wife, who is already provided for; £50,000 in trust for the children of his son Major Francis James Maitland; £700 per annum to his daughter Ethel for life, with remainder as to the capital sum to his grandsons Francis and Andrew; £1000 each to Harriet Matilda Maitland, and Mrs. Harriet Kemp; £500 each to Annie Maitland and Helen C. Anderson; and the residue in trust for his son and his issue.

The will of VISCOUNT INGESTRE, Royal Horse Guards, only son of the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, of 20, New Cavendish Street, W., who died on Jan. 8, is proved by Harry W. Richards, the value of the unsettled property being £12,000. Subject to the gift of mementoes to his father, mother, and sister, the whole of the property goes to his wife.

The following important wills have been proved—
Mr. Frederick Mills, The Rookery, Orcheston St. Mary, Wilts. £70,940
Mr. Charles William Chipchase Henderson, The Riding, near Hexham £68,732
Mr. George Gibson Johnson, Langton House, Tur Langton, Leicester £59,474

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

J G TEMPLER.—Thanks for amended version, which we trust to find sound.
C GENOUD (Weston-super-Mare).—We are afraid it is, as you suggest, "the other way." You have hit upon the right defence to what would be, without it, a second solution.

J FOWLER.—It is not our intention to pursue the matter further.

D M WISWELL (Windsor, Nova Scotia).—Your letter to hand. We have passed it on to the publishers, and asked them to reply.

M F J MANN.—Your problem is now correct, and shall appear shortly.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3688.—By J. W. ABBOTT.

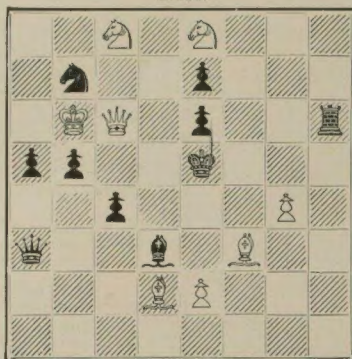
WHITE
1. Kt to B 3rd
2. Q to Q 8th (ch)
3. Kt mates.

BLACK
K to Q 4th
K moves

If Black play 1. K takes Kt, 2. R takes P (ch); if 1. R takes Kt P, 2. Q to K 6th (ch); if Kt to B 2nd, 2. Kt takes P (ch), and Q mates.

PROBLEM No. 3691.—By G. STILLINGFLEET JOHNSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3680 received from C A M (Penang); of No. 3683 from J J Morton (Hamilton, Ontario, and Charles Willing (Philadelphia); of No. 3684 from C W B Selwyn (Venice, California), C H Battey (New Jersey, U.S.A.); of No. 3685 from C H Battey and Charles Willing, and D Ancona (Alexandria); of No. 3686 from John Isaacson (Liverpool), and G Casare (Trubia, Spain); of No. 3688 from F Cook (Birmingham), Camille Genoud (Weston-super-Mare), H B Morris (Leicester), T Murtha (Tunbridge Wells), John Isaacson, Rev. G Street (Lewes), A L Payne (Lazonby), G W Champion (Paris), and W Dittlof Jassens (Apeldoorn).

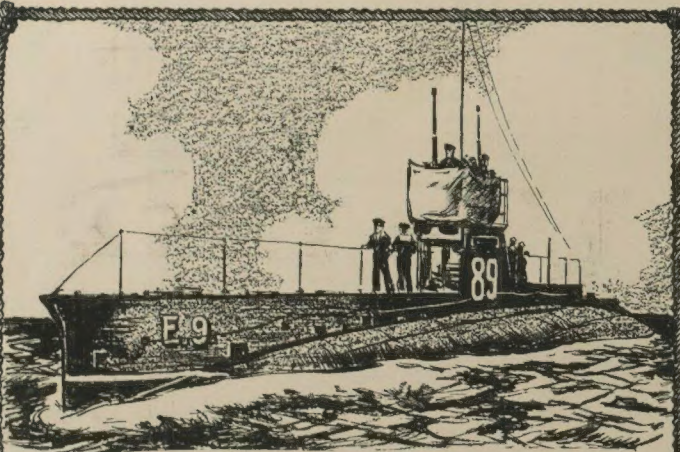
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3689 received from G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), H Grasset Baldwin (Guildford), A H Arthur (Bath),

Rev. J Christie (Redditch), J Fowler, R Worters (Canterbury), R C Durell (South Woodford), J Smart, J J Dennis (Gosport), W Weaver Jones (Kilworth), Henry B Morris, H S Brandreth (Falmouth), J C Stackhouse (Torquay), A L Payne, and J Dixon (Colchester).

It is a bold venture at a time like this to bring out any book on chess at all; and it is still bolder to repeat the issue of a classical work, such as "Staunton's Chess Players' Hand-book" (London: G. Bell and Sons, Ltd.; price 6s.), because it belongs to a period so far removed from the present that only a masterly revision to bring it abreast of modern research could render it useful either to the player or the student. Fortunately, in Mr. E. H. Bermingham the publishers have found an editor well qualified for the task, and he has added to those openings which were not fully developed in Staunton's day, the most recent analysis of leading authorities, so that the work may be considered as a fairly up-to-date introduction to the game. The judicious inclusion of the main portion of "Chess Praxis," and the addition of examples of contemporary master-play, give a further practical value to the work. Of Mr. Staunton's skill as a player little need be said. He was essentially of to-day's school in his style, as is, perhaps, best illustrated by his frequent use of the P to Q 4th opening. It is by his influence on English chess, however, that his name will be best remembered. Making use of the literary development of his generation, and particularly of the opportunities afforded him by this column, he exercised in the chess world an authority not unlike in kind to that wielded by Dr. Johnson on the literary circles of his age. He had the big "bow-wow" manner of the Doctor, and at the same time a charm of conversational power that arrested every hearer. It was the fortune of the writer to accompany him one day in the late 'sixties on a visit to the country. In returning in the evening, it was necessary to wait an hour or more for a train, and the coffee-room of a local hotel was resorted to while the time passed. Owing to some political excitement, a great number of people were there, and Mr. Staunton began to talk to a few. Presently he had the whole body round him listening to his animated accents until the writer reminded him that the train was due. Thereupon, with one unanimous voice, everybody begged him to stay for a later train and go on with his talk, so delighted were they with what they had heard. It was a forcible testimony to the power of the man, and illustrates the strength by which he so long held undisputed sway in our "petty burgh of chess."

A number of habitués of the Riviera in spring have already made their appearance at Monte Carlo and other fashionable resorts, and a new through service to the Riviera has been inaugurated in connection with the 12.30 p.m. boat-train from London. A sleeping-car train now runs direct from Calais, thus obviating the necessity of staying for a night in Paris. As the sleeping-car proceeds from the Gare du Nord to the Gare de Lyon, the journey by cab across Paris is also done away with.

The food value as well as the agreeableness of cocoa being so universally acknowledged, it only rests with the public to purchase a reliable brand, and among the best known and most widely appreciated of these is the Bendsorp Royal Dutch Cocoa. In flavour and in nutritious value it leaves nothing to be desired, and an additional inducement to buy it may be found in the fact that with each tin the manufacturers are giving away a booklet of photographs of towns in Europe and also a coupon, twelve of which entitle the purchaser to a 4-lb. tin of cocoa or a box of chocolate free.



H.M. SUBMARINE E9, which sunk the German cruiser "HELA" off Heligoland and a German destroyer at the Mouth of the Ems.

TROOPS AT HOME

(Duty Paid)

It would be well if those wishing to send Tobacco or Cigarettes to our soldiers would remember those still in Great Britain. There are thousands of Regulars and Territorials awaiting orders and in sending a present now you are assured of reaching your man.

Supplies may be obtained from the usual trade sources and we shall be glad to furnish any information on application.

TROOPS AT THE FRONT

(Duty Free)

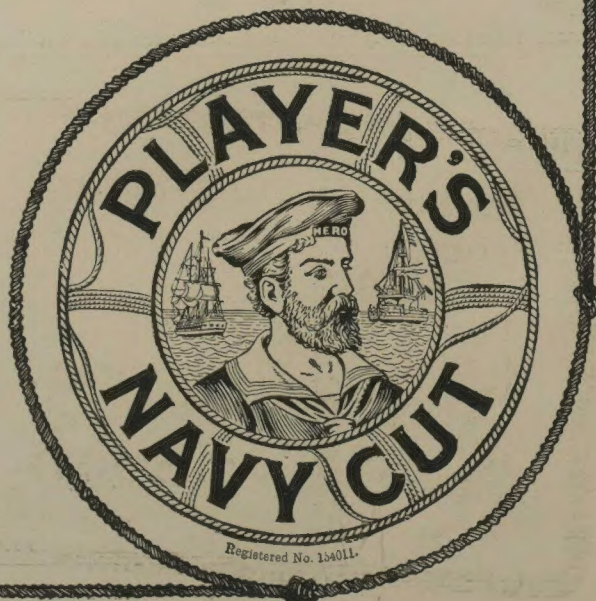
JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham, will (through the Proprietors for Export, The British-American Tobacco Co., Ltd.) be pleased to arrange for supplies of these world-renowned Brands to be forwarded to the Front at Duty Free Rates.

JOHN PLAYER & SONS,
Castle Tobacco Factory, Nottingham.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

Tobacco and Cigarettes for the Troops

From all quarters we hear the same simple request:
"SEND US TOBACCO AND CIGARETTES"



NO MORE BEARDED WOMEN.

HOW TO AVOID THE PAIN AND DANGER OF THE CRUEL ELECTRIC NEEDLE BY USING THIS SIMPLE NEW ABSORPTION PROCESS, WHICH KILLS AND DISSOLVES OUT THE HAIR, ROOTS AND ALL.

For the benefit of *Illustrated London News* readers, Lady explains how she accidentally discovered a Harmless New Process which Permanently Removed her Hair Mask after Electricity, Tweezers, Caustic Pastes, Lotions, Powders, and all other depilatories and Advertised Remedies had absolutely failed to do anything but harm.

By following simple directions given below, any woman now has the means of easily preparing and using in her own home this wonderful process, which has hitherto been a carefully guarded secret known only to a few high-priced specialists. Full directions are now made public for the first time.

All who are afflicted with superfluous hair will be interested to learn of the amazing discovery made by Miss Kathryn B. Firmin, who until recently was deeply humiliated by these repulsive growths upon her face, neck, and arms. As the hair constantly became more thick and hideous she tried every process and remedy advertised, or recommended, but found to her sorrow that if any of these removed hair at all, the effects were only temporary, and new growths soon appeared stronger than ever. Even hours of torture under the cruel electric needle simply meant great pain, a sore and blemished skin, and the inevitable disappointment. After spending huge sums in efforts to be rid of her terrible and beauty-destroying affliction, Miss Firmin was about to give up in despair, when by chance she learned of a means by which the beauties of Ancient Rome are said to have permanently banished superfluous hair. With only a very slight clue as to the nature of this remarkable process used in bygone ages, Miss Firmin tells how she set to work experimenting in her tireless effort to wrest the lost secret from the past. From the accounts of Miss Firmin's discovery, which have recently aroused so much interest among women with superfluous hair, there seems to be no doubt that at last there has been found a way, most radically different from anything hitherto known, by which any woman can now rid herself permanently, harmlessly, and painlessly of all superfluous hair growths by dissolving them out of existence, root and all. One part of the process consists of a solution easily obtained



Never submit to the needless torture of electrolysis. Electricity always STIMULATES hair growth, and the media may leave tired red scars, ingrown hairs, and permanent disfigurement. By following the few simple directions given in this article you may avoid all risk, trouble, and heavy expense, just as Miss Firmin did.

and prepared by anyone, which possesses the remarkable quality of being readily absorbed by the hair, so that it creeps down to the root, dissolving as it goes, just as oil creeps up a lamp wick. It is, perhaps, needless to caution any who use this process which has so deadly an effect upon the hair, that it must never by any chance be permitted to touch hair which is not to be destroyed. In explaining the process Miss Firmin mentions that it is perfectly neutral and ineffective to the skin, as anyone can quickly prove by experiment, but she disclaims all responsibility for permanent loss of desirable hair, such as eyebrows, hair of the head, etc., to which the process is applied. Even though the accidental application be insufficient to dissolve the hair at once, it will eventually die and fall out, and there exists no known means of restoring life to hair roots thus affected.

For the benefit of any readers who may be interested, and who wish to be rid of their superfluous hair by this remarkable process, we are authorised to announce that Miss Firmin has agreed to send all necessary particulars regarding its preparation and use to any reader sufficiently interested to send her two penny stamps for return postage. Simply address Miss Kathryn B. Firmin (Suite 1299A), 133, Oxford Street, London, W., and full information will be sent by return post in plain sealed envelope. On account of the great demands upon Miss Firmin's time, she has stipulated that this offer must be announced to expire positively at the end of ten days.

Hooping- CROUP

The Celebrated Effective Cure without Internal Medicine.

ROCHE'S Herbal Embrocation

will also be found very efficacious in cases of BRONCHITIS, LUMBAGO, AND RHEUMATISM.

Price 4/- Of all Chemists.
London—Edwards, 157, Queen Victoria St. Montreal—Lyman, Ltd., St. Paul St. New York—Fougere & Co., 90, Beekman St. Paris—Roberts & Co., 5, Rue de la Paix.

DR DE JONGH'S LIGHT—BROWN COD LIVER OIL

IN USE OVER SIXTY YEARS FOR CONSUMPTION, DISEASES OF THE CHEST and THROAT, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, DEBILITY & GENERAL WASTING DISEASES.

— SOLD BY ALL LEADING CHEMISTS & STORES. —
Sole Consignees: ANSAR, HARFORD & CO, LTD
182, GRAYS INN ROAD, LONDON.

COMFORT for the WOUNDED

The irritation and soreness caused by BED-SORES, CHAFING, ROUGHNESS OF THE SKIN, &c., can be quickly relieved by the application of

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE TOILET POWDER.

Soothing and Emollient. Non-absorbent. Prescribed by eminent Skin Doctors.

Prices from 1/-

Supplied to the Royal Family, European Courts, Nobility and Gentry.

JOHN TAYLOR, Manufacturing Chemist, 13, Baker Street, London, W.

The CHILD'S War Dictionary.

STOCK EXCHANGE—We've made Mr. Chemist take back all our STOCK of Soap and EXCHANGE it for WRIGHT'S because it's the only soap Mother will bath me with now.

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap.

THE Nursery Soap. 4d. per Tablet.



Benger's Food gives digestive rest, and quickly relieves the pain and discomfort of dyspepsia, &c.

It forms with fresh milk a delicious food cream in which all the minute food particles are in a form so soluble as to cause little digestive effort, and so soothing as to allay internal irritation.

These are the directions for preparing Benger's Food. If you read them they prove in themselves how different Benger's is from every other food obtainable.

- 1.—Mix slowly into a smooth paste one tablespoonful of the Food with four tablespoonfuls of cold fresh milk.
- 2.—Add gradually as you stir a break-fast-cupful of boiling fresh milk or milk and water.

- 3.—Set aside for fifteen minutes. At this point Benger's Food digests as it cools. The longer it stands the further the process of digestion is carried.
- 4.—Pour into a saucepan and whilst stirring, slowly bring to the boil. This stops the digestive action.

Benger's is not "made-in-a-moment," but, while you wait, a partial self-digestion of both the Food and the milk takes place. This explains why invalids who cannot take milk alone enjoy Benger's Food, and assimilate it with ease.

Benger's Food is sold in tins by Chemists, etc., everywhere. An interesting Booklet explaining how Benger's Food "assists Nature" for Invalids and Convalescents, free by post from BENGERS' FOOD, LTD., Otter Works, MANCHESTER, Eng. Branch Offices—SYDNEY (N.S.W.) 117, PITT STREET. NEW YORK (U.S.A.) 92, WILLIAM STREET. Canadian Agents—National Drug & Chemical Co., Ltd., 34, St. Gabriel Street, MONTREAL, and branches throughout Canada.

VEN-YUSA

The Oxygen Face Cream.

The skin must have help if it is to be protected against the destructive effect of the weather or made to withstand the stress of anxiety. Ven-Yusa Crème de Luxe is a novel preparation which supplies just the natural outside assistance which is indispensable to keep the skin smooth, soft, and youthful.

Ven-Yusa combines oxygen with other very refined natural elements. Not only has a subtle rejuvenating and beautifying effect, but helps the skin to ward off disfigurement. Ven-Yusa takes years off the appearance of the face.

1/- per Jar of Chemists or C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

Boys any Mother might be proud of

have been trained for the sea by the NATIONAL REFUGES, and are now serving their country on board ships of His Majesty's Navy. Old boys from this Institution are likewise serving in 70 British Regiments, and 6,000 have entered the Merchant Service and are now helping to maintain the national food supply. The

NATIONAL REFUGES

and Training Ship "ARETHUSA"

are now maintaining 1,200 Boys and Girls formerly poor or destitute.

Patrons: Their Majesties the KING and QUEEN.

HELP A WORK THAT HAS HELPED YOUR COUNTRY

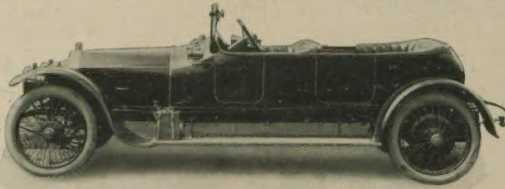
by sending a liberal donation to the National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children and the Training Ship "Aethusa."

London Offices: 164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.C. Joint Secretaries: H. BRISTOW WALLEN, HENRY G. COPELAND

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

New Methods. Our old friends the Automobile Association have at last found an outlet for the untiring energies of their chairman, Mr. Joynson-Hicks, M.P., their hon. treasurer, Mr. Walter Gibbons, and their secretary, Captain Stenson Cooke. First, the executive council of the A.A. have raised £50,000 worth of ambulances for the use of the French Red Cross in the Paris military district, of which some eighty-odd vehicles have already been sent, with the hope of completing the even hundred. All the chassis and cash for the coach-work were obtained from the members of the A.A., without, as my friend the chairman remarked, "any public appeal." I lunched with the executive of the A.A. at the Savoy last Thursday week before seeing H.M. the King inspect the second batch of fifty ambulances at Buckingham Palace prior to their departure for Paris. It was quite a pleasurable affair, including the inspection of the vehicles, which were absolutely representative of every British make of chassis (except one), besides several French, Italian, and even one German as well, and the whole turn-out was very creditable to all concerned. However interesting this function was, it was still further improved by the disclosure of the new methods of recruiting that have emanated from the A.A. Mr. Joynson-Hicks paid due credit to Captain Stenson Cooke as founder of the scheme, but stated that the members themselves and the executive had responded splendidly in making it a success. That reminds me that I have not mentioned what the plan is. It is quite simple, but very effective. Five thousand members of the A.A. have each promised to drive at least a hundred miles per run, whenever wanted, to go into all the villages where there is no recruiting-station, pick up the volunteers, and drive them to one of the headquarters where they can be sworn in and become "soldiers of our King" and country. By this means Captain Stenson Cooke expects to visit every village in Great Britain and enrol recruits from each for Lord

Kitchener's army. It is a co-operative scheme that should work very well, and, from what I heard from those assisting in its performance, is already producing good results. There must, of course, be many places in the country that have men in readiness to serve if only a little stimulus in the shape



WITH SNUB-NOSE BACK: THE ROCHET-SCHNEIDER SPORTING TORPEDO-CAR, TO SEAT FIVE OR SEVEN.

of an appeal to their patriotism is given, and this scheme just gives the fillip that is needed.

On Shocks. Nowadays, as my friend Spooner, the editor of the *Auto*, said to me recently, "Everybody wants shock-absorbers; it only is the question

a competition was held to determine what were the best road shock-absorbers for motor-car springs. A device entitled the Manet then won the prize, and it has now reappeared in London as a commercial proposition that is a new method in shock-lessening. It is quite an all-round device, for the Manet shock-absorber can be fitted to any form of spring—even transverse ones like the "Chinese Rolls-Royce" cars—and is equally efficient on front or back springs. The fundamental difference in principle between the usual shock-absorber and the Manet is that the action of the latter takes place in a horizontal direction, while the ordinary form is in a vertical. It consists of a system of compound levers working against the compression of a single coil spring, and by the diagrams taken at Brussels in the international competition already alluded to has proved quite the most efficient comfort-maker for road vehicles. Belgium has a lot of pavé roads—or, perhaps, one ought to say had, as they are now hardly roads at all. It is absolutely necessary to minimise the road shocks of Belgian highways; consequently the shock-absorber is a necessity, and where a leaf spring is flexed, and thus stretched or lengthened violently, the rebound throws the passenger off his seat. In the Manet this lengthening of the spring is unopposed except by the soft, yielding restraint of the coil spring, while the two series of short arms of the levers only afford a very small vertical rise or fall in addition to that due to the leaf spring. Consequently, it is impossible for the carriage-body to be thrown up or down to any great degree—hence comfort. — W. W.



AFTER THE CAPTURE OF DE WET: NO. 2 MOTOR-CAR CONTINGENT AT VRYBURG.

The motor-car played an important part in the recent abortive rising of which General De Wet was the moving spirit. Our photograph shows the No. 2 Motor-Car Contingent, of which Captain D. H. Saker was in charge, assembled in front of the Town Hall, Vryburg, after the capture of the Boer leader. The well-known Talbot cars formed a large proportion of this contingent, which did such good work in capturing the commando.

of what kind." Well, I suppose we have all had shocks of sorts lately, but fortunately there are various antidotes, and it is only a question of which form of cure to take. Lately in Belgium—I think it was early in the year 1913—

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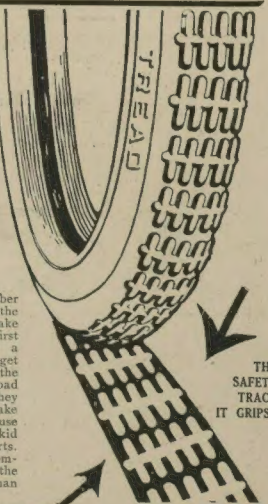
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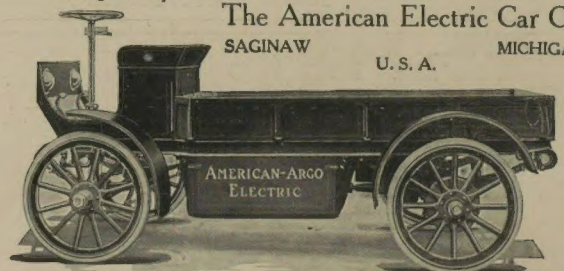


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